Week ending June 27 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

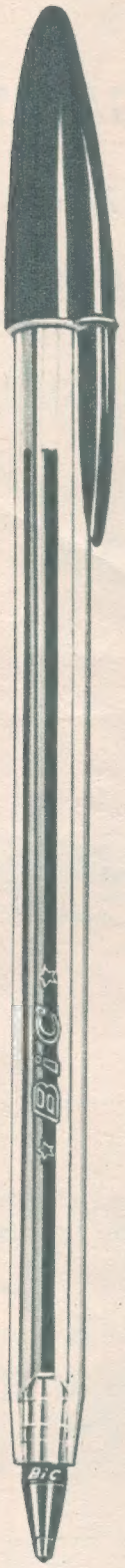
EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

The short, sharp shock for TEDDY BOYS

When Maria Callas hits a high note . . .

THE WILDEST GAME: Peter Ryhiner's exciting catch-'em-alive adventures

It's here - the BiC idea!



Drummers, plumbers, beauty Queens, Hunters, punters, girls in jeans, All over Britain it's perfectly clear Everyone's getting the Bic idea!

AND HERE'S WHY! Because the Bic idea is to have a Bic Crystal always with you —and a Bic Crystal means the best ball point value in the world! Continental styling, transparent viewer so you can keep your eye on the ink supply, a vastly-improved ink in a choice of five colours, plus Reproduction Ink, all this for only 1/-. Why don't *you* carry a Bic Crystal—it's the Bic idea.

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rub your hands with enjoyment . . .

Take a slice of Player's Medium Navy Cut; rub it in your hands. Smell the richness. Fill your pipe. *Then* you'll discover that *fresh-rubbed* Player's Medium, made from matured tobacco, has an *extra* flavour. Ask for Player's Medium in the vacuum-sealed tin to be sure of ever fresh enjoyment.

***PLAYER'S MEDIUM** Navy Cut*

1 ounce airtight tin 4/11½

[NCT 106G]

JOHN BULL
EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY
189 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
CHANCERY 3344 JUNE 27, 1959
VOLUME 105 NUMBER 2765

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The Cover

SHE had always said he was like an overgrown (but lovable) schoolboy—and just look at his pockets! It's all there except the conkers, the chewing-gum—and the key to his latest toy. In a second or two this harassed husband will realize what a wonderful woman he married, and what a careless driver he was, parking his car with the key still dangling in the dashboard. "He'll be good for a bunch of flowers at least," says artist Tanat Jones, "if he remembers to pick up his note-case off the bonnet"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Not So Noble

I AM unable to go overboard with admiration for those so-called unselfish people who take up vocations rather than ordinary careers.

There may not be a great deal of money in some of these noble callings, but in my opinion there are plenty of alternative compensations.

For instance, who can deny that girls know they'll look much prettier in a nurse's uniform?

A clergyman knows that he will never be rich, but he does know that he'll be the dominant personality in a closed community, where his word is law.

The same considerations obviously influence schoolteachers.

Frankly I work for money—and I have an objection to people who make a great to-do about working for less obvious rewards.—JOHN TAYLOR, Nottingham.

The Glowing Herd

On my first visit to the Channel Islands I was intrigued to see that milking cows wore a canvas cover over their hindquarters.

This, I was informed, was for warmth, which increased the milk yield.

Why don't our farmers adopt this method?—F. J. HAWKINS, Thorndean Road, Brighton 6.

"Canvas covers are used by some farmers in this country," says the Milk Marketing Board, "but unless there is close personal attention to the cows, this method is really impracticable.

"Its real benefit is in fairly cold conditions, when the heat from the cover saves the cow from using too much body energy in keeping warm.

"Only the person with a few cows, preferably tethered, can see that the covers aren't torn off and don't become dirty.

"Our milk yield shot up between March and April this year, partly because the sun warmed cows' backs, but also—and this was the most important reason—because it improved the quality of the pastures."

The Badge Gimmick

Many people who in normal life are clock-watchers will rush to holiday camps and offer their services free as organizers of sports, concerts and all manner of activities.

The secret? "Give them a badge and they'll do anything," a camp entertainments manager told me.

What is this fascination that badges seem to hold? I've known holiday camps where their use has saved considerable amounts of money which would have been otherwise spent on wages.—A. C., Sheffield 2, Yorks.

Jalopy Dossier

Recently when buying a second-hand car I was faced with the difficulty of trying to judge by the appearance of the vehicle how it had been driven by its previous owners.

With the present high standard of panel beating and respraying I found this almost impossible.

Would it not be a good idea to have an additional page in the log book with the vehicle's history and all garages compelled by law not to repair cars involved in accidents until this history sheet had been endorsed by a police officer, listing all the damaged parts?

This would not only help police to trace unreported accidents, it would benefit immensely people buying second-hand cars.—P. J. B., Mombasa, Kenya.

Just A Titch

Although no longer a girl I am still only 5 ft. 1½ ins. tall. When standing in a tube train I am accustomed to avoiding daily danger

from cigarettes, but it really is too much when my head is used as a rest for newspapers and books.

My advice to growing girls is—go on growing!—MRS. B. KERR, Emmanuel Road, London, S.W.12.

. . . I was glad to read that there is still a place for "tiny, dainty girls," ("Free Speech," May 30), but it isn't comfortable to be one.

I am sixteen, only 4 ft. 11 ins. tall and have found my lack of inches a handicap all my school life. Clothes have to be made specially for me and until recently boys didn't think I was grown up enough to be friendly with. —G. G., Darwen, Lancs.

Cheaper By Hand

It surprises me to find that the Electricity Board now employs men to deliver its quarterly bills. Evidently this is cheaper than paying postage.

There must be something wrong with the efficiency of the Post Office if this is so and they cannot offer a rate low enough to attract this kind of business.

Perhaps the Postmaster-General will build a few power stations as a counter measure.—E. JAMES, Woodyates Road, London, S.E.12.

"We started hand deliveries of bills as an experiment about twelve months ago," says the London Electricity Board.

"The work is done by meter-readers who at the end of their cycle of readings have enough time to do deliveries.

"The experiment has been a success, being much more economical than paying postage, and more efficient.

"Wherever practicable this system will be used throughout our area."

Plan For Gran

I have a solution to the problem of living with Granny (JOHN BULL, May 23). If she is an elderly widow and there is sufficient money, the ideal plan would be for her to live in the self-contained flat on the ground floor while her son or daughter and family live in the flat above.

The next best thing is for her to have a bedsitter near, but not with, relatives.

Above all let Granny keep her independence as long as she can.—MRS. G. WESTMORE, Borough Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

Richard Kindheart

I was fascinated by your recent series on the life of Richard Tauber. During the war I was being drafted with twenty other sappers to Andover for the Second Front.

The train was full and we were standing cheek to jowl in the corridors, laden with full packs and kit bags.

Some compartments were reserved for "Tauber's Blossom Time Company." After a while a compartment door opened and a man with a foreign accent and a monocle came out and said: "You English Tommies look tired and it won't do to have a tired Tommy fighting a maniac."

He then put us in his compartments with his artists, gave us sandwiches and bottles of beer and then asked us if we wanted anything else, perhaps cigarettes.

We all shouted "My Heart And I," and he promptly sang it with great feeling—and volume.

We realized we were in the presense of a great artist and a gentleman.—JAMES DUFFY, Cleaver Street, Blackburn, Lancs.

Why Men Mow

Once more men can be seen performing their inevitable summer ritual on the lawn. First they mow the grass as short as possible. Then it becomes

an obsession to make the grass grow again.

If a day passes without rain the grass must receive its customary soaking.

The grass grows again, only to be cropped, encouraged to grow and then cropped again.

The purpose of this vicious circle eludes me.—MRS. M. TAYLOR, Queens Park, Wrexham.

. . . I have nearly achieved an ambition—that of creating an all-moss lawn. But why everyone finds this so funny, I don't know.

I have four lawns to mow with a rackety old machine. The moss keeps clipped, smooth and green and requires no attention. I am delighted. —KATHLEEN BINNS, Tollor Drive, Bradford 9, Yorks.

Change Our Change

The weight of pennies and half-pennies that accumulate in pockets and purses becomes a nuisance when the coins are of so little value.

Would it not be possible in view of the increased cost of living to reduce the size of these coins?—G. MAYELL, Eccleston Road, London, W.13.

A Different Song

During a holiday in Staffordshire my husband and I were awakened each morning by a vociferous blackbird

Free Speech

continued from page 3

who always perched on the laburnum branch and whose song was punctuated at irregular intervals by a distinctive phrase which we called his chorus.

Now at home we have another blackbird to awaken us in the morning—but we cannot understand why his song—and his chorus—are entirely different from those of the Staffordshire bird.

Do blackbirds—we are positive that's what they were—have different songs for different areas?—MRS. G. M. BARRETT, Chatteris, Cambs.

"While the song of blackbirds generally is easily recognizable," says an ornithologist, "each bird has a fairly wide range of notes to choose from—and will sometimes imitate other birds."

Clean Screen

I regret very much the amount of imported material that we see on television. But how easy it is to sit with one's family and be amused and entertained by such American shows as Sergeant Bilko and Burns and Allen—without any smut or vulgarity!

Why must English variety resort to doubtful jokes and scenes—which can be most embarassing if you are watching along with young people?—MRS. J. C. LEGGE, Hawick, Roxburghshire.

Tall Trouble

What a boon would be conferred on us miserable folk who have a fear of heights if a permanent cure for our trouble could be found!

Nothing is more humiliating than having to confess cowardice a few feet up a ladder. I can even get the symptoms looking up a sheer height—my legs turn to jelly and a turbulent action starts in my stomach.

Is there a cure?—H. D., Aldershot.

"There is no easy cure," says a doctor. "This fear is often the direct result of an incident in infancy or childhood. Perhaps a pram turning over or a child falling.

"The terror is so great that the conscious mind erases the memory—but whenever the situation is approached in later life, the subconscious repeats the symptoms of terror.

"A long course of psycho-analysis might bring out the incident which causes this phobia and possibly cure it."

For Britons Only

The first time I visited an English cinema I was astonished to hear the national anthem.

When travelling I prefer to find small, individual touches like that to looking at ancient castles and ruins.

I will never forget standing among English picturegoers listening to the beloved sound of "God Save The Queen." It pleased me very much.—O. H. NIELSEN, Hjorring, Denmark.

"To the best of our knowledge," says a spokesman of the British Film Institute, "this is the only country where the national anthem is played in cinemas at every performance."

Cruel But Kind

I was knocked off my bicycle by a lorry and fractured three ribs. I lay in the road in considerable pain, and when the ambulance came, I asked for an injection to relieve the pain.

This was refused. I was told that the doctor would have to see me when I was conscious and capable of telling him the whereabouts of the pain.

Is it not time medical science found a pain-killing drug which would lose its effect in about twenty minutes?—NICHOLAS PHILPOT, Winchester, Hants.

"Cruel as it may sound, this was in your best interests, Mr. Philpot," says a doctor. "There is no known drug which will relieve pain and which would not also mask signs and symptoms which would be essential in the making of a correct diagnosis.

"In your case the ribs might have punctured your lungs. Drugs would have made your breathing more comfortable—and could have caused a mistaken diagnosis which might have been fatal."

Aid Refused

Would I help the police? (JOHN BULL, June 6). Some years ago in Glasgow I stepped forward to help a policeman struggling with a "tough."

The policeman told me to keep back. When he had the man under control he said: "Blow my whistle!" Another policeman came along and they handcuffed the man.

The first constable later told me his reason for refusing my aid. "If you had been injured you would not, as a civilian, have received any compensation."

Isn't there a strong case for the formation of a fund for compensating civilians who go to the aid of the police—without the taint of charity?—J. McL., Woodthorpe, Nottingham.

Weather Bible

In his article on the weather (JOHN BULL, May 23) Francis Hitching says that versions of the red sky at night saying exist in China, Greece and Israel.

It also occurs in the Bible, in St. Matthew, chapter 16, verse 2: "He answered and said unto them: When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather today: for the sky is red and lowring."

It must have been an old saying even then.—MRS. R. MASON, Preston Circus, Brighton, Sussex.

Pipe Suckers

An astonishing number of women still cling to the conviction that the moment a man sticks a pipe in his mouth he is magically transformed from a dull-witted weakling into a strong, shrewd, silent he-man.

No romantic novelist can afford to have a hero who does not clench a manly pipe in lean, powerful jaws.

Pipe-smoking is, in fact, just another anti-social habit, punctuated by coughing, spitting, throat-clearing, wheezing, and long waits in the conversation while the pipe addict portentously reloads, lights up (with at least six matches) and puffs solemnly before condescending to answer the last question.

Quite literally, the habit stinks. I would be far more favourably impressed by the wisdom and good manners of a man who went about sucking a dummy.—MRS. E. C. MARTIN, Russell Avenue, Wood Green, London, N.22.

Mind Off The Job

I sat in a seaside deckchair and idly watched an attendant folding and stacking his chairs with easy assurance. I asked him to show me how it was done.

He took the job in slow stages so that I could follow his method. To the astonishment of both of us he got into a mess.

He grinned sheepishly and said: "I'd better do it without concentrating," and set it up in a flash. It made me wonder how many other tasks we perform better when our minds are not on the job.—MRS. E. H., Birmingham, 7.

6 ways to enjoy Quick and Easy Summer Meals

Good meals—easily prepared—are what you want for home or picnic these summer days. Here are six happy suggestions for snacks, sandwiches or main dishes, sure to meet with all the family's approval.

1. Crisps, the crackly snack that's always handy.
2. For appetising picnic spreads—fresh creamy margarine.
3. For summer sweets or picnic treats—fresh fruit jelly.
4. Cheese spread or portions are nourishing and easy to serve.
5. Add savour to summer snacks with real sardines.
6. There's no problem when you serve Spam, real pork & ham.

2

Summer County sandwiches are twice as nice

Summer County margarine makes the most delicious sandwiches you've ever tasted! Easy to spread, its true country-fresh flavour adds goodness to every slice. And, goodness, how fast those slices disappear!

Try these tasty fillings in your Summer County sandwiches:

Sardine, lemon juice and chopped radishes
Liver sausage, mustard and sliced tomato
Scrambled egg and chopped fried bacon
Mashed banana and chopped walnuts

Summer County
- true country-fresh flavour

3

FRUITED JIFFI-JELLI READY TO SERVE

THE FIRM FAVOURITE
. . . turns out nice always!

with real fruit, including pineapple, cherries, etc.

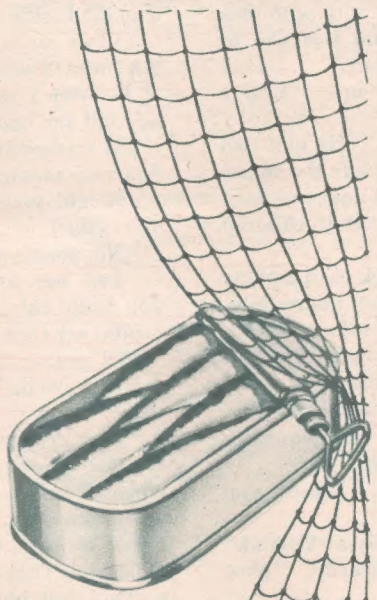
With JIFFI-JELLI in the larder there's always a popular sweet made, set and ready to serve. Over ¼ lb. pure jelly, orange, lemon, raspberry or cherry flavoured. Firm, attractive and containing real fruit. A fine sweet-course by itself. Try it also with custard or ice cream!

PRICE **10½D** in useful glass jelly moulds *from all grocers*

MADE BY THE 'SUNNY SPREAD' PEOPLE Cherry Tree Works, Watford, Hertfordshire

5

Sardines are Sardines when Sardines are Sardines from Portugal



Portugal's the place where all the best sardines come from. Have them sandwiched, hors d'oeuvred, on toast or off it—these are truly tasty fish. And truly good for you, for the family—and that hungry husband. Portuguese sardines are just the tin! Buy them, serve them, and how you'll enjoy them!

PORTUGUESE Real Sardines

6

I want some real SPAM Mam!

Yes, REAL SPAM: 100% pure pork and ham. Serve it hot or cold at any meal—as SPAMburgers or SPAM'n'eggs . . . with salads or as SPAMwiches. It's worth paying that little extra for the best . . . the real SPAM, Ma'am!

SPAM
REAL

LS 12

Served in ★ 3448 BRITISH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE GUARANTEE

Wherever Yolande went she left happiness behind her . . . on the road that must lead to heartbreak

TWO SMALL FEET

by HUGH B. CAVE

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

HER feet were bare and dusty. In Haiti, between the rains, the country roads are always dusty. She wore only an old, faded, blue dress and inexpensive hoop ear-rings which she was proudly certain were made of gold. Manfully she marched along the road's edge under the pulsing midday sun, chewing on sugar cane to quiet the ache in her stomach.

Her name was Marie Thérèse Yolande St. Juste, and she called herself Yolande. She was six years old.

In a ditch beside the road two women from a nearby village slapped away at their family wash with flat wooden paddles. They were hot and tired. Their talk was querulous.

"Watch what you're doing, can't you? You're splashing dirt on my clean clothes. I think you're doing it on purpose. Yes, I'm sure you are."

"I am not doing it on purpose. If you're foolish enough to put your things where they'll get splashed, don't blame me for it. Blame yourself!"

Yolande halted and looked down at them. "Hallo," she said.

One of the women sullenly looked up, flipping soap from long black fingers. "Hallo, yourself. What do you want?"

"I don't want anything, thank you. Just—would you tell me if this is the road to Port-au-Prince, please?"

"The road to where?"

"Port-au-Prince. You know, the capital."

"Mes amis!" the woman exclaimed in wonder, and thrust out a bare foot to nudge her companion. "Did you hear that? The child wants to know if this is the road to the capital."

STOPPING work, the second woman frowned at Yolande. "You are thinking of going to the capital, *ti-fi?*"

"I must. My papa lives there and I have to find him. *Maman* died yesterday."

"Oh-oh. Where do you live?"

"Nowhere now. I used to live in Aquin. *Maman* kept house for some people there."

"Well, little one, you have come sixteen miles and have seventy-five more to go."

"I'd better hurry then," Yolande said, and put her dusty feet in motion again. Then, remembering her manners, she turned her head. "Thank you very much."

The women watched her go down the road, then looked at each other in silence and returned to their washing. As the paddles flew, a gob of soap sailed through the air and splashed against a dress spread out to dry.

"Oh-oh, that was clumsy of me," the culprit said. "I shouldn't have let that happen, no. I'll wash it through for you."

"A little soap won't break a friendship," the other replied. "Get on with your work so we can walk home together."

DARKNESS falls about six o'clock in Haiti the year round, a soft, warm darkness that frightens only those people who believe in werwolves and certain malevolent voodoo mysteries. Yolande was not afraid. When her shadow grew long on the road she looked for a place to sleep. Soon after she was settled in the deep grass by the roadside, a man with a lantern came along and discovered her.

She told him who she was, and he came closer to peer into her face. "Have you eaten today?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. A lady gave me some peanut candy, and I found some mangoes."

"That isn't much for a little girl who has walked all day," he said. "Would you like to come home with me and have supper?"

Yolande hesitated, then stood up. "Yes, I would," she said.

"First I must find my children." He had two children, he explained. They had left the house an hour ago to get water. He was annoyed with them. "Why is it," he sighed, "that children always. . . ."

Voices could be heard on the dark road coming towards them. The children were quarrelling. Their voices were shrill, and the man groaned.

At sight of him the children halted. The girl was a year or two older than Yolande and the boy about twelve. Both were wet and dirty.

"I have been looking for you," the man said.

The children began talking again.

"Wait. Wait," the man said. "Must you always make my head ache?"

They were silent, peering curiously at Yolande.

"That's better," the man said wearily. "Now let's go home."

Yolande said: "Please, could I go to the stream first? If it is not too far?"

The man looked at her and rubbed his nose. His mouth shaped the word "Why?" but left it unspoken. "All right," he said. "I'll show you."

The stream ran under the road and he showed her a path leading down to it, then stood at the edge of the road holding the lantern high so she could find her way. Yolande descended to the water, took off her dress and stepped in. She washed her small dark body, then sloshed the dress up and down in a pool and put it back on, shivering as the wet cloth clung to her.

The man and his children watched her in silence.

"Thank you," she said when she had climbed back up to the road. "I feel better now. I won't get your house dirty."

The house was thatch-roofed, with no more than the usual few sticks of home-made furniture. "This is Yolande St. Juste," the man said to his wife. "She will eat with us."

His wife put her hands on her hips. "Are we suddenly rich?" she demanded.

"The little girl has walked all the way from Aquin. She is tired and hungry."

"Whatever you say. You earn the money, what little there is of it."

The meal was eaten in silence except when the boy and girl fought over the last slab of bread. The man did not stop them; he only gazed at them thoughtfully and then glanced at Yolande, who sat beside him.

WHEN Yolande slid from her chair and said: "May I wash the dishes?" he did not hear her and she had to say it again. He nodded.

She washed the dishes and dried them. "Thank you very much," she said. "I'd better go now."

"Would you like to stay here tonight?" the man asked.

"No, thank you. I'd be in the way."

"Tell me something," the man said. "Do you really think you can walk all the way to the capital on those two small feet?"

"Of course. I only have to keep on walking."

"Very well, Yolande. Good night and thank you."

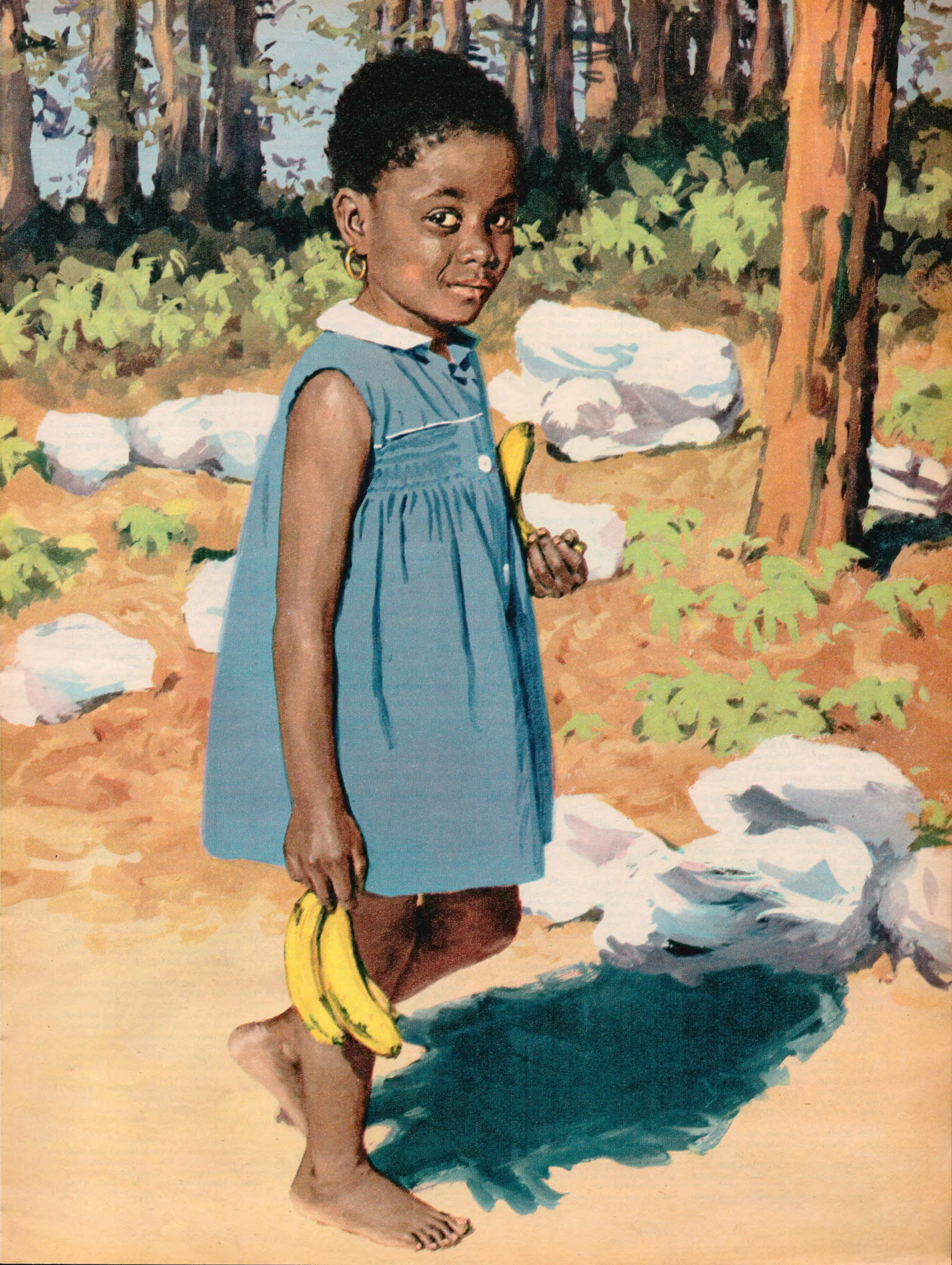
"Why do you thank me? What have I done?"

"For me, a great deal," the man said, and when Yolande had gone out of the house and down the road, and he had watched her out of sight, he shut the door and faced his own two children. They were just about to quarrel over a chair that both wanted to sit on, but at sight of the expression on his face, they desisted.

"Take a lantern," the man said, "and go to the river and wash yourselves. You're dirty. Come straight back without fighting or you'll regret it. Don't tell me it's dark outside and you're afraid. That little girl isn't afraid. Furthermore—no, the rest can wait till tomorrow."

Next, the man turned to his wife. "Have you ever been hungry, Celeste?" he asked. "Or alone, with no one to look after you?"

"Well, no," she said. "You have always



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looked after me, Antoine. The best you can, anyway."

"The best I can, yes, Celeste, and a man's best is a big thing. I'll thank you from now on to stop nagging me and give me a little help when I need it. Do that and before long we won't be so poor. You heard what that little girl said: to get to Port-au-Prince one only has to keep on walking."

"Yes, Antoine."

"Well?"

"Antoine, you're right, yes, and I'm sorry." The woman bit her lip and reached for his hands. "Go after her, Antoine. Bring her back."

But Yolande was not sleeping beside the road and Antoine could not find her. Now that she had eaten she was not tired any more.

She walked until her legs ached, then slept by the road until voices awakened her. It was still dark, and down the road came a string of lights. She knew what they were: they were lamps carried by countrywomen on their way to market somewhere. She stood up.

The women stopped. There were seven of them. They gathered around her and asked questions, then looked at one another and shook their heads. One, younger than the others, took Yolande by the hand.

"We're going as far as Saint Michel," she said. "Walk with us. If I get a fair price for my vegetables, I'll buy you some bread for your journey."

Emile Hector was a St. Michel merchant, seventy-one years old: a bent-over man with a wart on his nose. His shop was a big one for a village that size. He was a shrewd man and, for St. Michel, a wealthy one.

HE was weighing red beans into paper bags, making sure that each bag contained just a little less than the pound he would claim it contained, when Yolande and her new friend entered his shop. The young countrywoman lifted her basket of produce from her head.

"I have some potatoes and yams here that I wish to sell. Also some carrots and turnips."

"I have all of those things I need," Emile said with a shrug.

The woman looked around the shop. "Have you, yes? I can't see any."

"Nevertheless, I have them."

"Very well." She reached for her basket.

"But I will look at what you have, if you want me to," Emile said.

The woman emptied her basket in silence, then stepped back, folded her arms and waited.

"H'mm," Emile said. "Well, I don't need anything, as I have told you, but I can give you eighty cents. That's generous. The town is full of fresh vegetables this morning."

"A dollar-sixty," the woman said. "These are the first carrots and potatoes from my district in over a week." But she spoke with a sigh. If Emile said eighty cents, the most she could hope for was a dollar, and it would take half an hour of argument. The vegetables were worth twice that.

She worked him up to a dollar and, when he paid her, slapped some money on the counter. "Give the little girl some bananas and bread," she said.

Emile glanced shrewdly at Yolande. He placed three small bread rolls and four small over-ripe bananas on the counter and dropped the coin into a cigar box. The woman took in a breath and glared at him.

"What? Is that all, for ten cents?"

"Bananas are scarce and expensive today," Emile said calmly.

The woman argued. She hit the counter with her fist and screamed insults at him. It did no good. Emile only shrugged. The woman at last turned to Yolande, sadly shaking her head.

"It is the best I can do, *ti-fi*," she said. "You see for yourself what kind of man we are dealing with. Take what the heartless thief gives you, and may God keep you safe on your journey."

Yolande shook her head. "Thank you, but it wouldn't be right. He's cheating you."

"I know he's cheating me! Does he ever do anything else?"

"I don't need anything, really." Yolande looked across the counter at Emile Hector, and her head was just a little higher than the counter top. "Please give back the money, m'sieu," she said. "I'm not hungry." Then she turned to the woman and held out her hand. "Thank you very much," she said. "I'll go now. Goodbye." And she went.

The woman and Emile Hector watched her go, then looked at each other. It was the woman who found her voice first. She said: "Do you know where that child is going, M'sieu Hector? To Port-au-Prince, on those two small feet of hers. She has come all the way from Aquin, where her mother died, and is walking to Port-au-Prince to find her father. And she has nothing to eat, and no money."

The shopkeeper looked down at the bread and bananas on his counter.

"Give me my ten cents!" the woman said.

He took the coin from his cigar box and handed it over to her in silence.

"I hope the *ti-fi* thinks of you when she gets hungry," the woman snapped. "I hope you are proud of yourself." Angrily she marched out.

Emile Hector sat on the chair behind his counter and stared at the door. He was still sitting there twenty minutes later when his wife brought a tray with coffee and brown-sugar candy on it. Emile was very fond of the candy.

BECAUSE he only looked at the tray, making no move to touch it, his wife said with a frown: "What's the matter? Don't you feel well?"

"No," he said. "I don't."

"Are you sick?"

He stood up. "Watch the shop for a while. I'm going out," he said, then quickly wrapped a dozen good bananas and a slab of bread rolls in a sheet of brown paper and hurried out.

But he was too late, or rather too old. His legs gave out when he was only half a mile beyond the village, and the road ahead of him was still empty of the small figure he hoped to overtake. He sat on a boulder, mopping his face and shaking his head.

An ancient lorry came up behind him, filled with limestone and towing a long trail of dust. He stepped out and waved it to a halt.

"Friend," he said, thrusting the brown-paper package at the driver, "do me a favour, please. You will find a little girl—about so big—walking along the road ahead somewhere. She is going to the capital, she will tell you. Give her this, please. Tell her the shopkeeper in Saint Michel sent it, with his apologies." He fished a coin from his pocket and dropped it in the man's hand. "This is for your trouble."

EMILE HECTOR walked slowly and thoughtfully back to his shop in St. Michel, where he found his wife weighing red beans into paper bags. He watched her for a few minutes, then stepped forward and snatched the scoop out of her hand.

"There should be a full pound in each bag," he said angrily. "You're cheating. Don't you know it's wrong to cheat?"

The lorry driver found Yolande trudging along the road's edge, and stopped. He handed her the package. "The old fellow said you are going to Port-au-Prince," he said, scowling. "Is that a fact?"

EVERY ENGLISHMAN'S HOME HIS CASTLE

A guide is always willing to conduct you—
Just ask to be shown round when you arrive;
Or, if you'd rather, wander at your leisure.
(Catalogues from the kiosk in the drive.)
The gardens may be viewed for ninepence extra.
(In June the roses make a splendid show.)
Be sure to pay a visit to the fish pond,
Noting the antique bird bath as you go.
Inside, don't miss the family museum.
(Cases of birds' eggs, Cousin Henry's sword.)
Observe, in passing, on the first floor landing
The portrait Dad had done of Auntie Maude.
Of course, the neighbours whisper, say I'm crazy;
But I don't mind their gossip. We shall see.
If Woburn keeps the Duke of Bedford solvent
Then Mon Repos can do the same for me.

KEITH STYLES

"Yes, I am," Yolande told him.

"Well, I'm not going very far, but I can save you a few miles of walking. Get in."

Yolande climbed on to the seat beside him and the lorry clattered on down the golden road. It was the first time she had ever ridden in a motor vehicle. When the wonder of it wore off a little, she opened the brown-paper package.

"Oh-oh," she said. "Look at all the food I have. Would you help me eat it, please?"

The driver glanced at her curiously. "What are you going to the capital for, *ti-fi*?"

She told him.

He frowned. "I know Port-au-Prince pretty well. What's your father's name and where does he live?"

"His name is Armand Saint Juste and I don't know where he lives. In a fine house somewhere. He paints beautiful pictures. *Maman* told me all about him."

The driver removed a hand from the wheel to tug at an ear. "An artist, eh? Armand Saint Juste? What does he look like?"

"Well, I've never seen him. He's been too busy to visit us. But he's tall and good-looking and. . . ."

"You've never seen him? Never?"

"No, but he sent us things. He sent me these gold ear-rings I'm wearing." Yolande smiled happily at the memory. "I won't have any trouble finding him. He's very rich and important. Are you going to help me eat this food?"

The man scowled again. "Eat what you want and save the rest," he said. "I'm not hungry."

He let her off in the town of Petit-Goâve, which is forty-five miles from the capital. He lifted her from the cab in his strong arms, put his lips against her cheek and set her down again. Then he drove off, shaking his head.

Yolande stopped to rest when she was tired, and ate bananas and bread rolls when her stomach ached. When the road grew dark she slept between the high, sheltering roots of a huge tree, and when daylight came she walked again. She washed herself in a stream. The next night she spent in a field, with cicadas singing all about her.

The road was paved now. The sun beat down on it and waves of heat shimmered from its hard black surface. Her feet hurt but she trudged on, peering ahead for a sight of the capital.

At noon she arrived on the outskirts and was frightened. Both sides of the road were packed with people wearing strange costumes and even stranger masks; people dancing and shouting and beating on drums.

Yolande tugged at a woman's dress. "Excuse me, please. I have never been here before. Is it always noisy and crowded like this?"

"Not always, little one. Today is Mardi Gras."

"Oh." She should have known. Mardi Gras was a big affair in Aquin, too. But there were ever so many more people here. It was going to be difficult, finding her father at such a time.

She had reached the city proper and it was much, much bigger than she had expected. She was caught up in the surging crowd and carried along like a leaf on a stream, stepped on, pushed, deafened by the din. But she would not let the tumult confuse her. Stubbornly she clutched at people's hands, forcing them to look down at her.

"Please, can you tell me where Armand Saint Juste lives? The artist?"

"Who?"

"Armand Saint Juste! You must know him. He is a very important man."

NO one, it seemed, knew him. It was a puzzling thing. They were confused, perhaps, by all the noise.

She had reached a great park filled with people. All the people of the world were here, except, of course, those on the streets she had come through. Millions of people. They were watching a parade that wound through the park like an enormous coloured snake. Musicians. Dancers. Beautiful dressed-up lorries and cars, with pretty girls on them blowing kisses. It was like a dream, but bewildering. She stopped to watch, because it was very hard to push through.

A little girl stumbled against her, sobbing: a girl even younger, smaller than herself, but wearing shoes and a pretty pink dress. Yolande stooped.

"What's the matter, *ti-fi*? Why are you crying?"

"I can't find my mother and father. I got out of the car to see the parade and can't find my way back."

"I know how you feel. Take hold of my hand and I'll help you find them."

They moved through the crowd together, until they were out at last. Yolande wiped the little girl's face with the hem of the pretty pink dress and said: "There now, we're all right. We'll find your mother and father, you'll see. What's your name?"

"M-Marguerite Maxime."

"Well, Marguerite, you stop crying now. Big girls don't cry. I won't let anything happen to you, no."

They looked at cars, but none was the right one. They went from one street to another. They were standing on a pavement, hand in hand, when

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Work-shy, cocky and sloppy they arrive . . . then suddenly they're made to wake up. Few ever go back

Head up, chin in, arms swinging . . . the street-corner boys in Britain's new detention centres must move everywhere at "a good brisk pace." In their dormitories (above left) kit is laid out army-style

The short, sharp shock for

TEDDY BOYS

by HARRY HOPKINS

FRED stared blankly at the typewritten sheet in front of him. "Correct the following—The lites had fused. . . ." He felt odd in the dark-blue battledress blouse and grey flannel trousers. His face still smarted a little where he'd shaved off his long sideburns, as ordered, that morning.

"The roof was leeking. . . ." He reached for a cigarette, then remembered, bitterly, that they had taken those away, too, when he had arrived in a police car the night before. They were packed away, with his £25 Teddy suit, in the detention centre's store.

In his office at Werrington House, the warden glanced over the new file. "Frederick ——, aged eighteen, building labourer. . . ." He studied the notes sent along by the probation office in Liverpool. "Parents separated, lives with father . . . three convictions larceny . . . all theft of cars. . . ."

Still an experiment

It hadn't seemed "larceny" to Fred. When he and his Teddy gang were at a loose end, which was often, and they saw a car that took their fancy, they had a casual way of "knocking it off" —just to go for a joy-ride.

The first time he was caught it had been a fine and a lecture. The second time a bigger fine and a "serious warning." The third time the magistrate gave him "a last chance" and put him on probation. But Fred had thought himself far too important to listen to a probation officer. And he was soon in court again.

"We shall send you to a detention centre for three months," the magistrate said. "You've got to be made to see you can't go on like this. . . ."

Now emerging from the experimental stage, the new detention centres were designed for just such cases as Fred's—a recurrent problem since the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, frowned on the sending of young delinquents to prison.

Filling a gap in our present penal system, the detention centres cater for offenders aged from fourteen to twenty who have exhausted the possibilities of warnings, attendance centres and probation, yet whose cases are not difficult or serious enough to demand lengthy Borstal training. Junior centres take boys from fourteen to sixteen and senior centres the seventeen to twenties.

The Freds, the theory goes, need to be brought up short, to be given what the Home Secretary called "a short, sharp shock," which may cause them to take a new look at themselves and the direction in which they are drifting.

And, as crime in the seventeen to twenty age-group rises to a new peak, considerable hopes are being placed in this new approach to—quoting Mr. Butler again—"the de-Teddyfying of the Teddy Boy." There are plans for eight more detention centres—double the present number.

A dark-brown stone building, constructed round a courtyard, Werrington House lies on a Staffordshire hillside a few miles east of Stoke-on-Trent.

High wire fence

Rolled barbed wire runs around the roofs that overlook the courtyard. A high wire fence surrounds the grounds. It was a long, long way from the dance halls and cafés of Liverpool.

But Fred had no time to brood. Almost at once he was snatched up into Werrington's non-stop tempo. Prompt at 6 a.m., rise—mug of cocoa; 6.20, out on the square for P.T.; 7.10, breakfast; 7.40, back to the dormitory to tidy up, lay out kit; 8 a.m., work parade. . . .

For half an hour after tea the lads are allowed to sit at the tables and read library books or papers without talking. Before bed at 9 p.m. there is a free period of half an hour when they can play table tennis in the games room. But the rest of the day, every minute of it, is ruled by the clock and the time-table, with its minutely prescribed routines.

Just what this means was impressed on Fred that first day when the time came for dinner. First, a wash at a basin in the long row. And Leave The Basin As You Found It. Then, change out of working denims into the "best" outfit. Discarded clothes to be neatly folded in prescribed manner and placed in prescribed positions on shelves. File into the dining-room, taking places, four to each table.

Fred was sent to a table at the far end. Nervously, he waited, watching, while table by table, in turn, all round the room, the sixty-five boys went to the serving hatch to collect their plates. Not till each table was reseated could the next one go up.

At the hatch at last, Fred grabbed clumsily at his plate of roast mutton and potatoes. He felt a hand on his shoulder. "We say 'Thank you' here," said the officer, "or we wait till everybody else has been served. Remember next time."

When the detention centres were started a few years ago, the rule was that inmates must move everywhere "at the double," but this has been abandoned as being exaggerated and impracticable. Now "a good brisk pace" is insisted upon.

"You see," explains John Waylen, Werrington's warden, "we have to try to make a big impact in a very short time." He leaned back in his chair in his office, a big, calm, quiet-spoken man in a green pullover. He might have been an Oxford don—although, in fact, he came to Werrington from the deputy-governorship of Strangeways Gaol.

"Of course, some people talk about 'militarism.' But, you know, everything is designed to teach something. All this changing and washing, the daily warden's parade at one o'clock—we're trying to get them to take a pride in themselves.

Make them think

"When they arrive they're apathetic. They amble about in a woolly way. Here they have to think ahead—and I'm sure that's what they need. They have to say to themselves: 'Now, I'm on P.T. this afternoon, so I shall need this and this. . . .'

"We try to make them alert. In the dining-room, for instance, the officer in charge may say: 'Well, today we will start from the other end'—or, 'Today we'll go diagonally. . . .' So they have to think again."

Fred encountered another part of what the warden calls "the livening-up process" at four o'clock on his first afternoon, when he joined the twenty-minute drill parade which all Werrington "new boys" take for their first fortnight or so.

When he heard the key turn in the lock, shutting him in his own small cubicle that first night, he felt more alone and frightened than he ever had before. For the first week or so, the new entrants spend their nights alone. This, it is felt, gives them a better chance to pull themselves together, to settle into the new life.

"For most of them," explains Waylen, "it is their first time away from home. Three-quarters of them are

GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

I must shed my load of guilt

We must face the facts of Hola. If you do not know what I am talking about you should be ashamed of yourself.

Hola is a camp in Kenya, a detention camp where recalcitrant Mau Mau are held.

In accordance with an official "get tough" policy for which Mr. Lennox-Boyd, our Colonial Secretary, is answerable, it was decided to force some of the more stubborn prisoners to work on an irrigation scheme, digging trenches.

I know of these men's political crimes. They looked a sultry, stubborn lot when I saw pictures of the camp on television not long ago. But that does not excuse what happened at Hola on March 3 this year when eighty-five African detainees were systematically and most cruelly beaten up.

When the men refused to work, batons were used, according to chief warder Muoki, to strike "first one arm and then the other, with a thrust into the stomach; the baton is then used to hit each leg, with another thrust into the stomach."

I will not distress you with any more revolting details. As a result of this beating up, which went on for almost five hours in the presence of white Kenya officials, eleven Africans died and seventy were injured.

These terrible facts have been established beyond question. At an inquest held in Mombasa it also came out that a deliberate attempt was at first made to hush up the whole affair.

It made him sick

Believe it or not, the first reports said that the men had died "after drinking water from a water-cart."

But eleven bodies cannot be so easily explained away. There had to be an inquest.

In the reports of the evidence given at that inquest we get glimpses of British officials that appal me.

A man named Peters, a Ministry of Works official, was present with his African clerk, Joannes Ezekeil, when the beatings began. Peters watched the beatings for a while and then grew sick of what he saw.

Later he explained to the coroner: "I do not like to watch men being beaten up and therefore thought it best if we drove away."

Not a word of protest, you note.

But do not let us be too scornful of this man. Did you know these facts? They have been in most of our newspapers. Have you protested? Written, at least, to your member of Parliament? I regret to say that I have done nothing till now.

Yet for weeks the horror of Hola has haunted me.

The fact is now established by a judicial verdict that prisoners *are* beaten to death in concentration camps for which we, the British, are responsible.

What we can do

I can remain silent no longer. I feel very guilty for having been silent so long. The trouble with me and, I think, many of us, is that we feel, when we hear of something like this, "Oh, dear, how terrible," but we don't know what to do about it.

Apart from writing a stinging letter to Mr. Lennox-Boyd or my M.P. I do not know how I can rid myself of my load of guilt.

I do think, though, something is done, which has political influence, if we do speak up in the pub, the workshop, the morning train. We help to change the climate of opinion.

As far back as February Mr. Lennox-Boyd was being pressed for an independent inquiry into the administration of the Kenya prison service. But not enough of us cared, or showed that we cared, to force him to do something.

Yet we had had the testimony of men of courage like Captain Ernest Law and Mr. John Stonehouse, M.P., that conditions were shameful. Law did protest. He had been a chief prison officer.

"One day," he said, "we heard screams from the T.B. hospital within the compound. Four African patients had refused to have their hair cut.

"One of them was on crutches, another had a leg in plaster, another had no use of his body from the waist down. The fourth man was very old. All four were dragged and kicked and beaten along the compound. A European superintendent beat all four with his stick until it broke. Then he began kicking them.

"The men collapsed, too weak to speak, then had their hair cut and were taken back to hospital."

Captain Law was suddenly sacked because he could not see such things happen and pass by on the other side. He had to protest.

Law or Peters? If there had been more of us like Law and we had protested the Hola killings might not have taken place.

What I am afraid of is that we are becoming a nation of Peters. Nothing wrong with our hearts, but lacking in courage to speak up when we should. THE END

continued from previous page

almost in tears. They discover they are not so tough as they think—in fact they are often amazingly childlike.

"So many get swept up into gangs. You may get the domination of a vicious gang-leader. A boy said to me the other day: 'I couldn't help it. . . . I had to do it—or he'd 'ave done me. . . . Done me once before he did.' It's a factor we're not always aware of."

After the first week, Fred moved out of his cubicle into the junior section of a large dormitory—a long room with the kit laid out on the beds and lockers with military precision.

"What we do insist on," says the warden, "is that they should do everything as well as they possibly can—that's really our 'short, sharp shock.' Nothing else."

As a new boy, Fred was first drafted to the cleaning party, sweeping and polishing the floors and bright blue doors. Other parties worked in the mat shop, gardens or kitchen.

On the carpet

The officer in charge of Fred's party explained that for satisfactory work each lad is allotted eight marks a day—four for the morning work, four for the afternoon. And that anybody who lost ten marks had automatically to go before the warden and explain why.

But it isn't easy to buckle down to steady work after months of lounging around streets and cafés. On his fourth day Fred was "on report" for idleness.

"Now look," said the warden, "if you behave and work hard you'll be going out in two months and two weeks from the day you came in. But come here for idleness again and you'll lose some of your fifteen days' remission. It's only fair, isn't it, that you should stay to make up the time you waste?"

There are "cells" at Werrington for locking up defaulters. But except for boys who've been fighting and need time to cool off, they are little used. Loss of remission is a much more potent threat and leaves no time for brooding.

Not the least advantage of the detention centre is that the sentence is short enough for the boys inside to see their way through to the day when they will be freed.

To maintain close, round-the-clock supervision, Werrington has a staff of fourteen "disciplinary officers," selected from the prison service, many of them volunteers for this work. And, says Waylen, it is upon this imponderable factor, upon the example and influence of these men, that the success or failure of the detention centre really turns. For, though a detailed régime is laid down, every case is different. Every youth needs to be treated as an individual.

"We had a boy in here for assault—he was always fighting. Yet, after watching him for a while and talking the case over, we all agreed that his real trouble was what used to be called 'an inferiority complex.'

"He was perpetually afraid that he wouldn't be able to do something, that people would laugh at him. So before you had a chance to laugh, he'd lash out with his fists. What he really needed was a bit of encouragement.

"On the other hand, you get the boy who's altogether too cocky. . . ."

Half are Teddies

Waylen divides his boys into two broad categories: the disorderly and the dishonest. On arrival at Werrington more than half are wearing Teddy Boy outfits. The bulk of them are unskilled workers; more than half from broken homes.

Some boys turn in no answers at all to the simple educational test set them on arrival. They cannot read the question paper. Around twelve per cent are "extremely backward." These go each morning to a special literacy class.

But the centre's educational effort is not only confined to the very backward. After listening to the B.B.C. six o'clock news every night, all the boys at Werrington go to one and a half hours of classes run by the Staffordshire Educational Authority. Nothing very formal—simple woodwork, marquetry, an art class.

Fred discovered quite a taste for painting, and one of his pictures, a water colour of the view over the Staffordshire hills from Werrington, was pinned up on the wall.

As the weeks wore on, as the business of laying out kit, and changing clothes, the daily P.T. on the square or in the gym, the mat-making, the cleaning, the evening classes, became a well-worn routine, Fred moved up from the "junior" to the "senior" dormitory, then, step by step, up to its top end. Release was drawing visibly nearer.

For the last two weeks he was allowed to work outside the perimeter fence in the fields of the centre's farm. And he sent home for an ordinary, non-Teddy suit. Quite a few boys do—perhaps because having been "in mufti" so long they would feel odd back in Teddy uniform.

At the last interview, the warden explained that he'd written to Fred's local employment exchange to make sure he got a job. He told him, too, about other people ready to help him. But if Fred chose to ignore the lot, there would be nothing to stop him. After release from detention centres there is no compulsory after-care.

"We're hoping we shan't be seeing you here again," said the warden.

Fred looked shocked. "Oh, no—it will be different now."

John Waylen leaned across his desk. "But, you know, it won't," he said. "It won't be different. There'll be the same street corners, the same gang, the same temptations. . . . Tell me, *how* will it be different?"

Fred was silent. When he spoke it was a little hesitantly. "Well, sir, I think perhaps *I* will be different."

It was the answer Waylen wanted to hear. But was it also the truth? Can three months under discipline change a lad's attitude to life? Waylen insists that at Werrington every boy should learn something, even if only—as one boy told him—to use a toothbrush.

Betters Borstal

But will such imposed habits stick?

Fred's old gang would be waiting to welcome him back, his standing enhanced now by having "been inside." Would the "short, sharp shock" prove enough to keep him straight?

Only time can supply the full answers. But at the request of the Home Office, Dr. Max Grunhut, Oxford Reader in Criminology, has made an interim study of the work of the detention centres. Following up, over a period of two years, a block of boys discharged from Blantyre House, a senior detention centre in Kent, he found that among those without a previous institutional record, two out of every three had not been convicted again—a rate which compares favourably with Borstal results.

But Dr. Grunhut also found that the period of greatest danger was that immediately following a boy's release. Many critics feel there is need for compulsory after-care of some sort to ease the transition between the discipline of the centre and life outside.

The new detention centres are one small part of a more varied and flexible penal system towards which we are now groping. They may also be part of the "answer" to the mounting wave of juvenile crime.

Another part will be the remand centres—the first scheduled for construction this year—where young offenders will be sent for observation so that the appropriate treatment can be expertly decided.

For finding the "answer" to the juvenile crime wave depends on understanding the nature of the questions. And this, belatedly, is now beginning to be attempted. THE END

In preparing this authentic account of the new approach now being made to the problem of juvenile crime, Harry Hopkins was given full co-operation by the staff of Werrington House. Fred, the youth named in the article, is an imaginary composite character.

When Maria Callas hits the high notes...

The noise she makes either brings down the house—or raises the roof

by ROBERT HOLLES

JUST before the centenary celebrations of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, last June, an astute official pointed out a serious flaw in the arrangements. The No. 1 dressing-room was to be occupied, as of right, by Dame Margot Fonteyn. What then, was to be done with Maria Callas, the international opera star, who was also appearing?

Nobody was naïve enough to suggest putting Madame Callas in No. 2 dressing-room. The problem was solved by one of the Royal Opera House administrators, Lord Harewood, who had his office banked with flowers and placed at the prima donna's disposal.

By similar acts of razor-edge diplomacy the authorities at Covent Garden have managed to keep a smile on the face of the sleek, almond-eyed Greek-American soprano whose explosive temperament has gained her the reputation of a tigress.

This policy is not without self-interest. For the current season of five performances of the opera *Medea*, with Callas in the leading rôle, prices of admission were greatly inflated, yet every seat was sold within a few hours of the opening of the box office. Receipts totalled nearly £20,000.

Enthusiasm for opera seems to blossom wherever Madame Callas chooses to sing. She successfully launched a new opera company in Chicago, where opera had been dead for years. Her first season at La Scala, Milan, improved attendance records by more than fifty per cent, and led to the introduction of works by Mozart, Verdi and Cherubini which had been neglected through lack of a soprano with the necessary vocal equipment.

Nobody has a better idea of her worth than Madame Callas herself. "Let us agree that I am the world's greatest soprano," she told an American TV producer who jibbed at her high fees. "Then my price won't seem unreasonable."

In spite of her enormous box office appeal, the managers of many of the world's leading opera houses regard her signature on a contract with an approval tempered by anything from anxiety to sheer panic. In 1957 the San Francisco Opera Company dropped her from its new season, alleging breach of contract and the Vienna State Opera cancelled her performance because she demanded too much money.

A few months later, when she was due to sing in a series of concerts at Athens, she became the centre of a virulent press campaign for the same reason. She walked out of the Edinburgh Festival, claiming that she was tired. When Rudolf Bing, manager of Metropolitan Opera, New York, fired her last year for refusing to fulfil her contract, she accused him of trying to make her sing a series of rôles which were unsuited to her talents.

Last June she quarrelled with Antonio Ghiringhelli, manager of La Scala, who began to avoid her backstage and finally cut her dead. Soon afterwards, during a performance of *Il Pirata*, Madame Callas pointed accusingly towards Ghiringhelli's box and chanted the line, "There you see . . . distressing torture!" When the run of *Il Pirata* was over, she walked out and declared she wouldn't go back until Ghiringhelli was removed.

Opera-goers in Rome are still talking about her most spectacular performance, in January, 1958, when she appeared there in a gala production of *Norma*, given to celebrate the opening of a new season, and attended by the Italian President, Signor Gronchi. Madame Callas failed to appear for the second act, and blamed a sudden attack of bronchitis. Local critics recalled that in the first act she hadn't been in the best of voice, and the gallery had reacted with a storm of hisses.

Afterwards police guarded her hotel suite from crowds demonstrating in the street. The Italian Prime Minister ordered an inquiry. A parliamentary deputy introduced a bill banning her from Italian state-subsidized opera houses.

Even when the opera reopened without her she continued to dominate it. Her place was taken by a local soprano, Anita Cerquetti, who got a terrific ovation. Signor Pella, the Italian Foreign Minister, admitted, "Most of the enthusiasm for Cerquetti was due to resentment against Madame Callas."

She believes that her behaviour, which might be more questionable in a performer of lesser ability, is justified in the interests of "great art." She has said this so often, and with such strong conviction, that many people believe it; she most certainly believes it herself.

"Of course I am difficult," she has declared. "Great music cannot be achieved without hard work and high standards. I see no reason to pretend I am happy and cheerful about second-rate music—or about those who are willing to see it performed. I will always be as difficult as necessary to achieve the best. I am just a human being who serves art and gets angry if art is being badly served."

As a singer, Madame Callas has a range and flexibility which musicians describe as "exceptional." Her full-blooded dramatic technique brings excitement and passion to the least exotic of rôles. During her first appearance in *Aida* she startled the audience by stalking about the stage like a restless panther during an Act 3 duet, instead of assuming the usual stately pose.

That heavenly voice has its more down-to-earth uses—as this U.S. marshal found out when he tried to serve La Callas with a summons

Her own version

Christopher West, the resident producer at Covent Garden, says: "I thought I had seen *Tosca* before—then I saw Callas in the rôle. When you are producing her in an opera, you are simply taking what she has to give it."

West describes her as "the complete professional." He recalls a performance for *La Traviata*, when an inexperienced soprano who was appearing with Callas sang a phrase in Italian which, owing to her bad pronunciation, sounded like something quite bawdy. Madame Callas led the laughter which followed. "She was so delighted," says West, "that she seemed about to beg the girl to repeat it. Then her professional instincts took over. She took the girl aside and told her how to pronounce the word correctly."

Although she has sometimes been known to help and encourage young and unknown singers, her relations with serious rivals haven't always been rosy. A fellow-artist once prophesied: "The day will come when Maria will have to sing by herself."

Madame Callas herself has said: "I have always tried to treat my colleagues in the best manner. I wish I could say as much for some of them, but I learned long ago to ignore bad manners."

Soon after Madame Callas began to appear regularly at La Scala in 1951, she started a feud with the reigning

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Kay and the King

Percival the Third would fight for his right to court a commoner. Even if he had to floor her relatives one by one

by CLIVE BURNLEY

MRS. JANE SCOTTSWOOD led the way out of her sixteenth-century cottage. "The ultimate in crime," she said, "the most terrible offence of all—we have that, too, in Great Roxam, and I'm going to show it to you."

Kay West looked at her sister despairingly. "I don't believe anybody ever committed any crime in this place," she said. "How could they?"

She meant that Great Roxam was such a calm by-road village that it was difficult to think of its serenity ever being disturbed. It did not centre upon a village green but upon a duckpond, on which swam piebald birds; most of its roofs were thatched, and the single stretch of pavement in its main street was laid with mossy cobbles.

Kay had come to the village to be restored by this serenity. One thing that had shattered her nerves was the imminent approach of her twenty-eighth birthday—the very edge of senility. The other thing was her growing conviction that she had been wrong when, ten years ago, she had returned the medical student's ring and taken instead a walk-on part in a touring stage company, confident that she would achieve stardom. She had not achieved it. And now it seemed too late to hope either for stardom or for marriage and cosy domesticity.

Her dilemma weighed upon her: there came a time when sleeping pills no longer worked. It was then that she accepted the invitation to take a rest cure at her sister's house in Great Roxam.

JANE led her sister into the lane behind the church where there stood a house called Balmoral. It was a mid-Victorian Gothic erection with a useless turret at one corner, a row of pigmy battlements at the eaves, pointed windows, walls faced in stone foreign to the district, and faceless gargoyles above the rainwater heads: a cottage trying hard to look like a castle and making itself quite ridiculous in the attempt.

When Jane knocked at the door, it was opened by a man of medium height in shirt-sleeves and a suède waistcoat. His strongly-nosed face had an air of dignity and authority that would have been worth several thousand votes to any parliamentary candidate.

But his smile of welcome was a gay transformation, and the light in his grey eyes made it clear that here was no waxwork but a man of perhaps mercurial disposition. And from the moment she caught that glance, Kay sensed a sort of fairytale unreality about the encounter that grew much stronger in the ensuing half-hour.

Jane introduced the man as George Percival Allenwood Questrel. He took his guests into a living-room with a crypt-like ceiling in plaster, and lancet windows, gave them sherry in brandy glasses, and beamed at them.

"George," Jane explained, "is the ultimate crime I spoke about. High treason, nothing less. George, would you mind telling my sister who you really are?"

"Not at all," George said. And then his smile vanished and he drew himself up with an immense dignity. "We," he said, with the utmost solemnity, "are Percival the Third, sovereign lord of this realm, rightful head of the Commonwealth, and Defender of the Faith."

Kay gulped at him.

"We do not choose at this moment to exercise our authority," Percival the Third went on. "We realize that historical accident has placed the throne in other hands, and we have too great a regard for the well-being of our subjects to wish to plunge them into civil war. However, international jurists are preparing our case, and at the proper time we shall assume the honours to which we are entitled."

"Isn't he wonderful?" asked Jane. "Your majesty—George—I think Kay would understand better if you showed her the tree and the uniforms and things. Would you mind?"

"Of course not," said George, relaxing a little. "Come into the study."

So they went into a room that complied exactly with everyone's idea of a study, with its book-lined walls and globe. And here the craziness went farther—with the production first of all of a great family tree finely written in black-letter on what might have been parchment. And King Percy or George Questrel (or whoever he was) patiently explained it: how Harold had not really been killed at Hastings, nor the two princes smothered in the Tower; how both these lines of royal blood, according to what was written, had combined in the Questrel descent, producing a whole succession of monarchs who had never ruled.

"You see?" he said. "Indisputable!"

Kay agreed that it was; she knew that madmen had to be humoured.

More fantasies followed, albums of colourful and carefully finished pictures in poster-colours showing the uniforms of King Percy's hussars, lifeguards, police, postmen, postillions, ambassadors, air vice-marshals, which would presumably be worn when he came to power: plans and elevations of the royal palace he proposed to build on Hampstead Heath: drawings of the royal car, the royal yacht, the imperial state coach: designs for new coins, stamps, flags, coats of arms.

"It's—it's quite amazing," Kay murmured.

"What I like about George," said her sister, "is his being so democratic—no nonsense about protocol. Everyone calls him George."

"I hope you will, too, Miss West," said King Percival. "Don't let my position overawe you. A king lives only in the hearts of his people."

And his smile was a little *too* frank and open to allow Kay to think that the whole thing might, after all, be a joke.

Later that day, Jane filled in the detail about George Questrel. He was very well liked in the village: played cricket for the village team, took a neighbourly interest in every one of the three hundred and five inhabitants, seemed to have means enough to support himself at Balmoral, where his housekeeping was done by Mrs. Saunders from the cottage opposite.

CRAZY? Well, yes, agreed Jane, but only when it came to crowns and royal blood. Quite harmless and never certified, although he sometimes left the village for long periods, when, it was whispered, he went to some institution for treatment, although she didn't think this was true.

All the village, she said, knew of George's kink and were quite prepared to play up to it. In fact, they had done this in quite an organized way. King Percy had his own officers: Constable Petwood was his Comptroller of the Household; Tim Davitt of the Red Lion his Home Secretary; old Captain Potter from the Cedars his Minister of Defence; young Charles Lawrence his Secretary of State for Cricket and Table Tennis. He even had a Lord High Executioner, Jones the tree-feller.

EVERY so often these worthies held a cabinet meeting in the club-room at the Red Lion: they were rumoured to be convivial occasions, but it was a closed club, twice as secret as freemasonry.

Arthur, Jane's husband, had once been offered the Ministry of Housing, but had indignantly refused.

"I wish Arthur had just a little more sense of fun," Jane said wistfully. "But I'm afraid he's got no time at all for King Percy. He's so logical himself, he hasn't any patience with anybody who's just a little nuts."

"I don't know that George—or Percy—is nuts," Kay said. "He's simply carrying on a grand old national tradition—he's the famous English Eccentric. It's only in a place like Roxam that he could have survived."

The village's only link with the outside world was a little red single-deck bus that ran three times each weekday through the back-roads to Linchester; the very next day Kay was waiting for it at the bus-stop by the duckpond in a slight drizzle when King Percy came past on his way to the post office.

"Good morning, your majesty," she said.

"Hallo, there," King Percy said. "I can see I shall have to remind you that it was our royal wish that you should address us as George. And do you know you've missed the half past ten bus, and that there isn't another until one?"

"Oh, dear. I was going into Linchester to do some shopping."

"Now you mention it," George answered, "it's a very fine day for going into Linchester; I think I'll go there myself. If you care to wait where

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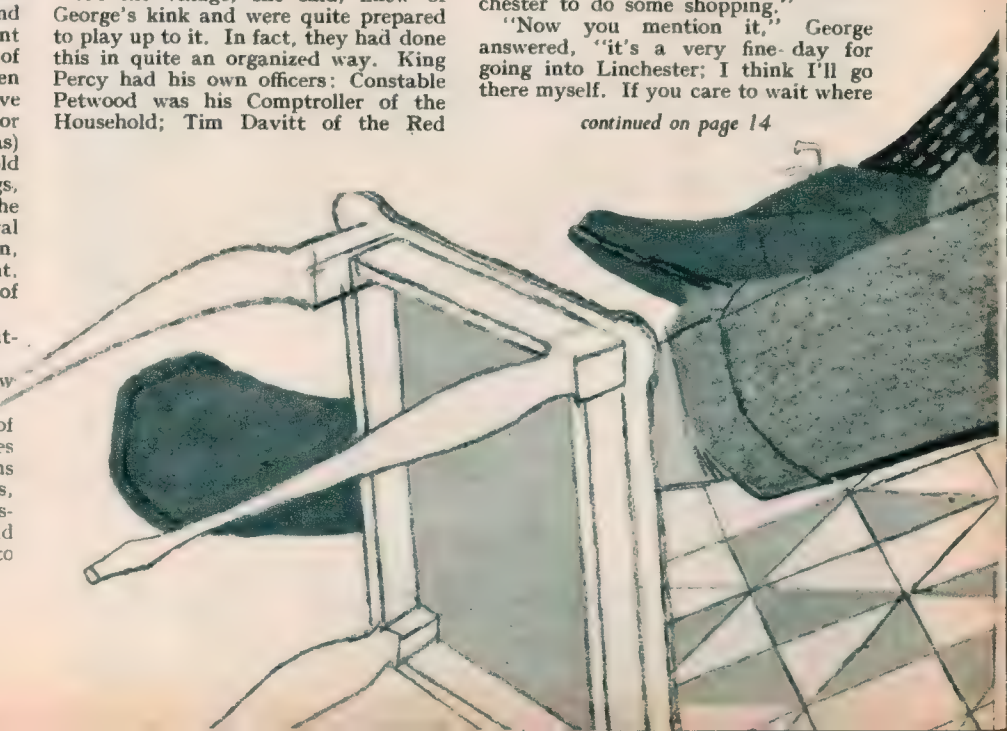

Kay came in from the garden to find her brother-in-law on the floor. King Percival had him in an arm lock

ILLUSTRATED BY HESELTINE

Kay and the king

continued from page 12

you are, I'll get my little estate wagon out and drive you in."

"Drive in? But do they let—I mean, do you drive?"

George laughed aloud. "Yes, they do let me. You'll be quite safe."

And she was. . . .

It was the beginning of an association that prospered. At first, Kay and King Percy met quite frequently by pure accident, partly because they seemed to be the only people of leisure in what was really a very hard-working little community. But the meetings then became more deliberate.

Sane or not, George Questrel was undeniably a man of education and charm. This latter quality was partly the result of the ease and completeness with which he could switch from a mood of impressive gravity to one of infectious gaiety, and of his natural courtesy. And he remained an enigma; as Kay told her sister, a what-is-it is even more intriguing than a whodunit.

"It'll do you good to wonder about somebody else for a change," said Jane, with cordial sisterly cruelty. "It'll get rid of some of that self-pity."

HER husband was less happy about the association. "No business of mine, Kay," he said, "but after all he's only a sort of high-class village idiot. D'you think he's a good influence for you, with your nerves as bad as they are?"

"My dear Arthur," Kay said, "you needn't be afraid that lunching with King Percy will turn me into Queen Kay, however attractive any sort of dream world might be at this moment. Although," she added, slowly and reflectively, as if considering a totally new idea, "there might be something to be said for that, too."

The following day there occurred the curious encounter at Starvacre Green.

An hour before sunset, the grey and muggy clouds that had obscured the sun all day suddenly evaporated, leaving in a blank pink sky a fiery orb that sent long shadows streaming over the ground. This unexpectedly merry weather lured Kay out for a stroll.

And up in the sky someone started to sing.

Or so it seemed. Somewhere above her head, a fair baritone voice began declaring that Charlie was his darling.

She looked upwards, as startled as any casual stroller who finds a flying saucer hovering about his ears. Above her, the great arms of an old and sparsely leaved elm went soaring. And, up near the dizzy summit, she saw a dark and ape-like figure swaying against the sky. She recognized the laugh that ended the song and then, bringing with him a shower of twigs and moss, King Percival the Third descended, much too rapidly for safety.

"You terrified me," said Kay. "What on earth were you doing?"

"The ability to climb trees is a very useful thing in a king," said George. "Remember Charles and the oak."

"You might have broken your neck," she told him. "What *were* you doing?"

"Oh, Kay—you know better than to expect rational explanations of *my* behaviour."

"But I do expect them, George," she said. "I'm certain there's method in your madness somewhere."

"That's kind of you," he said. "Do you know the sunset makes your hair look quite ginger? Kay, if you made a particular effort, do you really think you could possibly regard me as sane?"

"Well, now you mention it," she said, "I do believe—if I shut my eyes and tried very hard—that I might."

"I call that very decent," George said. "I couldn't ask more. Or could I?"

"That rather depends. . . ."

"Let's put it like this," he said. "Suppose I asked you to shut your eyes and try very hard indeed, do you think I might be allowed to fall in love with you without giving offence?"

"You *do* make things difficult," she answered. "But I dare say, as long as you apologized profusely for the impertinence, I might not think it too insulting."

"Well, go on," George said. "Give it a try. Shut your eyes." And when she did he kissed her. "I ought to have something to apologize for," he explained.

It just so happened, by the incalculable malice of chance, that Arthur Scottswood saw that embrace. A herd of Jerseys being driven across Thatcher's Lane to new pastures had halted his car and he saw his sister-in-law and that lunatic from Balmoral, steeped in the red sunlight, kissing.

LET it be said in his defence that Arthur had had what commonly passes for a Hard Day at the Office. He had learned that his firm's tender—they were builders—for a certain large job had not been accepted; a trusted cashier had confessed to embezzlement; and at a luncheon appointment, purely in the interests of his business, he had drunk rather more than he was accustomed to do. He felt mean, in the vicious sense, purely a matter of the digestion. And what he now saw made him feel meaner. It seemed to him that he had a duty to perform.

In the early evening he went down to Balmoral, knocked, showed Questrel a very stern face and said he wanted a few words, and was ushered in.

"You've changed your mind," said George. "You want to be my Minister of Housing after all."

"I'd house you all right, Questrel," Arthur answered. "In a mental home. I won't beat about the bush. I want you to leave Kay alone."

"Do you? Why?"

"Because you could very easily ruin her life. Just now she's a little off-balance with overwork and nerves and general strain, otherwise she'd never get herself tangled up with a sort of mentally defective playboy like yourself. Can't you see what I mean?"

"Of course not," said George. "You don't expect a lunatic like me to believe I'm a lunatic, do you?".

"Well, you are," Arthur told him. "That's what gets my goat. Mad as a hatter. And yet you go round oozing charm and kidding people right and left. It's—it's dishonest. I suppose there's only one thing that might change your attitude and that's a damned good hiding."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Scottswood. You're bigger than I am."

"So you're frightened, are you?"

"Oh, no. I just point out the facts. You *are* bigger, but then you're hopelessly out of condition. You eat too much, don't you? I'm surprised Jane doesn't insist you take a diet. But then, I'm surprised such a charming woman

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IN SHORT

Fair Shares

Economies, without a doubt,
To greater saving lead;
And so my dear wife does without
The many things I need.

NOEL SCOTT

Sally And The Sports

It was worse than going to Buckingham Palace, said Sally, not that she ever had, but I knew what she meant. And when I said no, she said sports day of course; it always worried her stiff for days beforehand that she'd do or say or wear something shaming to let down her children, though from all accounts it should be the children who lay awake at nights, not Sally.

So, knowing furs, scent, flowers and high heels were Out, and allowing for the inevitable rain while at the same time treating the occasion as a traditionally sunny one, she ended up, she said, like a cross between a female missionary and a suffragette. Her shoes were sensible, her skirt serviceable, her hat chosen for one purpose only, to keep the sun out of her eyes.

It was galling, she told me, when she arrived, to see all the attractive mothers in strip sandals and frivolous headgear, and she was just wondering if she could pose as a grandmother when her demon children informed her that they'd put her down for the mothers' race. Devised by someone with a deep-rooted anti-mother complex, this ordeal involved squeezing through hoops, eating large sticky buns on strings and climbing a five-barred gate.

With her sensible shoes and wide skirt, Sally said, she couldn't lose. While the other mothers stuck their spiky heels into the grass and got into embarassing difficulties with their slim silhouettes, Sally was romping home, lengths ahead.

It served her right, she supposed, that the prize was a posy of felt flowers in different shades of purple. She pinned it on her hat, and the children were as pleased as Punch.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

The Leader Of The Opposition Consults The Oracle

Little mirror on the wall,
When will the next Election fall?
What do the stars prognosticate?
A summer or a winter date?
Dregs and dust and twigs divine,
The floating voter—is he mine?
What pattern do the entrails show?
Where can we deal the mortal blow?
Tell me this, Sibylline leaves,
What are they hiding up their sleeves?

Spirits, pythons, shades and sphinx,
Tell me what Macmillan thinks.

JOHN R. TAYLOR

And Now A Word From . . .

"What were your first thoughts when you saw Mr. Grant fall into the canal?"

"I was determined not to lose the pound he owed me."

"So you dived in and saved him?"

"I couldn't save my pound without saving him. Life's like that."

"You caught him and held him up until the policeman came, didn't you?"

"I wasn't holding him up. I was searching him. The copper came too soon."

"Were you frightened as you dived?"

"No. I was quite sure I'd get my money back. I always do."

"Are you a strong swimmer?"

"When I've something to go after. Then I swim like a beast of prey."

"I expect your family are proud of you."

"Not they. They're not likely to forgive me for pulling Jim Grant out. I'll never live it down at home, never."

"Have you ever rescued anybody else, Mr. Harrison?"

"Yes. I once pulled one of my debtors clear of a reversing bus. Principal and interest he was worth all of seven pounds to me."

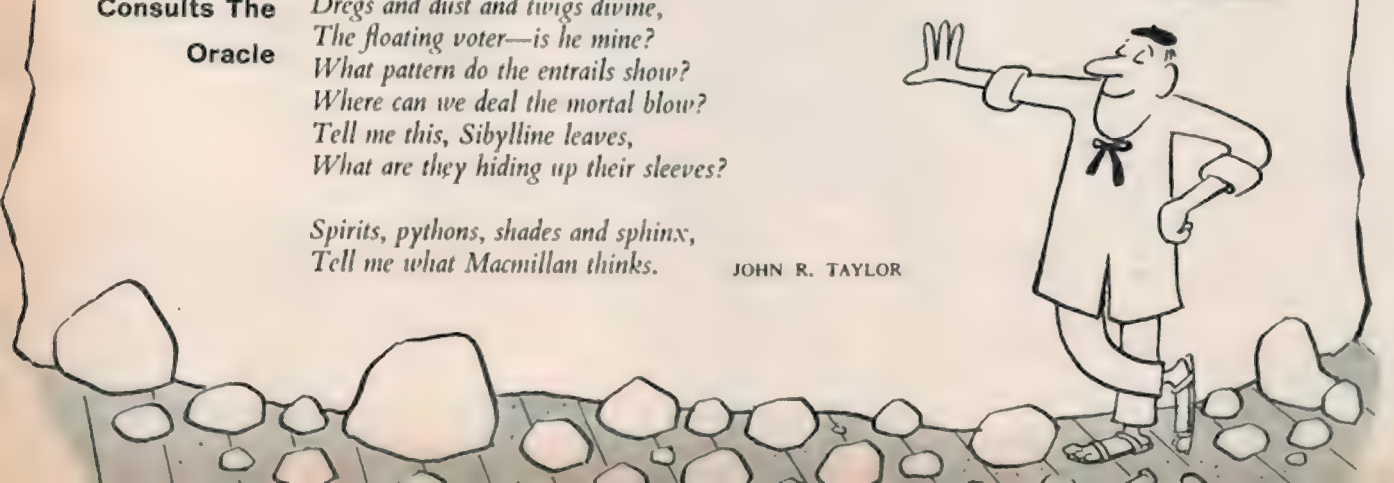
HOWARD BROOKES

Holiday Retreat

I must go down to the sea again,
Imperious her call,
And there in solitude remain
Behind some old sea-wall.

I was coming back from the rolling main
When I first discovered it—
Now I must go down to the sea again
For my bathing-trunks have split.

H. H. KERR



THE WILDEST GAME · 2

The day I operated on a man-eating tiger

by PETER RYHINER
and Daniel P. Mannix

Peter Ryhiner exercises a tiger on a voyage. Once he saved a man-eater by cutting out its diseased claws

Collecting jungle animals alive . . . that was my hazardous trade. But with the help of my wife Mercia I made it pay

STRETCHING himself out on the ship's afterdeck, the escaped jaguar licked his paws. The captain appeared beside me, dancing and gesticulating like a madman. "That animal's a menace! He'll kill somebody!" he screamed.

Except for tigers, jaguars are the most dangerous of the cat family; quick, aggressive and powerful. This magnificent 400-lb. specimen, part of a large $50,000 shipment of wild animals I was taking from South America to Europe in 1949, had discovered that the sliding door of his cage had not been securely fastened. He had simply pushed up the door with a paw and walked out.

"Shoot him!" ordered the captain.

"There's no need for that; leave him alone and he'll go back to his cage," I said. "Anyway, I haven't a gun."

"Well, *I'm* going to shoot him!" the captain bellowed.

"There isn't a gun on the ship," said a seaman.

Below the afterdeck where the jaguar was lying was a cabin called the afterhouse. Through the windows of this we could see two men getting ready for dinner; one in his shorts, shaving himself and the other dressing. Before I could stop him, the captain yelled: "Run for your lives! There's a man-eating tiger just over your heads."

Both men bolted out of the cabin, one covered with lather and the other with flying shirt tails. At the sight, the jaguar sprang up and began nervously pacing back and forth.

"He's going to attack!" bawled the captain. "Sound the general alarm! Tell the passengers to barricade themselves in their cabins!"

Within seconds the ship was a madhouse. Men were dashing about armed with fire axes, crowbars and anything else they could find. A Brazilian actress, who was one of the passengers, rushed out and demanded that she should be photographed with the jaguar for publicity purposes. A German woman kept sticking her head out of a porthole and screaming hysterically: "Help, he's got me!", causing a fresh panic each time.

Two nuns were so fascinated by the cat that they walked up to within a few yards of him and stood staring. "Isn't he lovely, sister?" I heard one say to her companion, who answered: "Sweet! And seems so happy to be at liberty!" Finally I had to lead them back to their cabin, respectfully but firmly.

The jaguar was growing increasingly restless with all this turmoil around him. He jumped down from the afterhouse and began pacing the deck. Here he was among the other cages. The monkeys clung to each other, shaking with terror, and the parrots and macaws set up an unearthly squawking. The jaguar batted at them irritably with one paw before passing on. Then he came to a cage full of wood ducks.

The ducks were worth $50 each and there were three hundred of them. I shouted and threw everything I could lay my hands on, but the jaguar refused to be distracted. With a quick blow, he ripped loose the wire front and sprang into the cage. There were frantic squawks, clouds of feathers, and ducks erupted from the cage. Some flew into the sea, others into the rigging; others skitted across the decks. The jaguar rushed through them, knocking down ducks with quick left-and-right blows. Then he started gorging himself.

This was growing serious. Still, even though he had now fed, he needed water. I put a pan of water in his cage, lifted the sliding door, and ran a string from its catch to the bridge.

The jaguar had gone to sleep in the ducks' crate. The ship was still full of terrified ducks and the sight of these valuable birds finally got too much for me. I gave a seaman the string and told him to drop the door if the cat went inside. Then I started rounding up what was left of the ducks. I got most of them and by juggling the other animals around, emptied a cage. After putting the ducks inside, I went back to the bridge. The first thing I saw was the seaman, fast asleep. The second was the jaguar, lapping up the water.

As fast as I could without scaring the cat, I tiptoed across the bridge. I was still a few feet from the string when the jaguar started backing out. I gave one bound and jerked the string. Down came the door—on the jaguar's back. He jumped clear, outside the cage. The door slammed into place. Then he sprang back on the afterhouse and lay down. I knew that he'd never go near that cage again.

There was nothing to do now except wait until morning. I sat up all night on the bridge, thinking of another animal collector who had a black leopard that escaped on shipboard. The cat killed one sailor and badly mauled a second before he was recaptured. This big male jaguar was potentially far more dangerous than any

As the baby elephants boarded the plane, their mothers watched

continued from previous page

leopard. There had to be some way to capture him. By morning I had a plan.

There was a small room connecting to the afterdeck where the crew kept old rags and some tools. When it was daylight, I opened the door of this room while the jaguar watched me suspiciously. Then, imitating lion-tamers I'd seen, I got a chair and, by shouting and waving the chair, I managed to drive him into the room. I slammed the door, feeling very proud of myself.

A few minutes later, the ship's engineer came up and I told him that the jaguar was finally secured.

"In that room?" roared the engineer. "You can't keep him there! I have to get in there to oil the machinery."

The captain came up and joined in the argument. There was no help for it, the door must be opened again.

"I've changed course to head for the Canary Islands," the captain told me. "The radio operator has alerted the port authorities and they'll meet the ship in the harbour with guns."

I let the jaguar out and he promptly sprang back to his usual place and sat there enjoying the sunshine.

We arrived at Las Palmas early the next morning. The wharfs were black with people, everyone having turned out to meet us. A smart police launch came alongside, and a small army of policemen with tommy guns and in immaculate white uniforms covered with gold braid boarded us. With them was a man who, we were told, was the "best shot in the Canary Islands." He, too, was in faultless white duck and carried a handsome sporting rifle.

I hated to see the jaguar shot. I blamed myself for the whole business, as well I should have. If I'd known what I know now about the big cats, I could have driven the jaguar back into his cage with the help of a chair and a long pole. I've never forgiven myself for this disaster; it was the worst blot on my whole career.

Drop in the profits

Counting the loss of the jaguar and the damage he had done, our profit on the voyage was already cut by $15,000. But worse was to come. When we arrived in Antwerp, I found that the bottom had dropped out of the nutria market. The animals, used to a South American climate, didn't come into pelt at the right time of year, so the whole craze had collapsed.

I had two hundred of these vicious, sharp-toothed creatures on board and couldn't even give them away. Meanwhile, my leg had become so painful—from a zebra kick in Africa—that I couldn't walk on it.

While I was convalescing in my mother's home in Basle, I received a long cable from my partner, Lothar Behrend, the world's most famous animal collector, in Buenos Aires.

Instead of the savage outburst I expected after the fiasco of the voyage, he was full of a new scheme. Since 1918, Russia had been closed as an animal market and virtually no Russian animals had appeared in zoos. By some incredible series of negotiations, Behrend had arranged for an exchange of animals with the Moscow Zoo: the animals Van den Bergh was keeping for us in the Antwerp Zoo against snow leopards, Bactrian camels, bears and Mongolian geese.

I was to deliver my animals in Prague—all except these devilish nutrias, which not even the Russians wanted—and pick up the Russian animals in the same city.

I cabled Behrend that I would leave at once, and, in spite of my family's protest, took a train to Antwerp to collect my animals.

I arrived in Prague without trouble and the Russian animals were there as promised. We made a good, although not startling, profit on the deal, the Moscow Zoo having driven a pretty shrewd bargain, but as a prestige affair it was most important. Zoo directors realized that the fabulous Lothar Behrend still had his old magician's touch and the publicity we received was worth far more than the actual cash. Papers all over the world ran the story and a few weeks later Behrend cabled me again.

The Maharajah of Mysore wanted to exchange some tigers against some European swans and pure-bred Alsatians and bulldogs. In addition, I was to pick up a cargo of Indian animals which an agent of Behrend's had collected. Behrend also hoped that I could unload the nutrias on some unsuspecting Orientals.

"Tell those Indians what sweet, lovable little animals nutrias are," he urged me. "Explain how they'll make a fortune out of the hides. Tell them anything, but get rid of those damn nutrias before they ruin us."

I promised to do my best. A week later, I sailed for India.

I had an assistant on the voyage, a German count. He had never even had a pet frog. I'd run an ad in the Antwerp newspaper and this man answered it, wearing an elegant double-breasted suit and Homburg hat. Mainly as a joke, I sent him to the railroad station to fetch some Bactrian camels I'd ordered. Still in his faultless get-up, he led them back through the streets of Antwerp. I still didn't like the man but one evening I found him playing the mouth organ to a sick tapir. The tapir loved the sound and recovered, partly, I seriously believe, to the soothing effects of the music. So I decided to take him.

We arrived in Mysore without trouble and here, at last, I was able to dispose of those nutrias. The Indians were fascinated by the creatures and I told them a long story about what charming pets they made and how valuable their pelts were. I also sold for a good profit some other animals I'd brought over. Altogether, the trip was most successful.

I delivered my swans and dogs to the palace of the rajah, who was a fine-looking old gentleman and an expert on animals. He had one of the largest private zoos in the world.

The tigers hadn't yet been caught, but the rajah told me I could go out with his trappers. Before we set off I visited the Mysore animal market, which is very fine indeed. An old man in a dirty turban and a ragged dhoti followed me about, pointing out the rarer birds and animals, to my intense irritation, until I discovered that he really knew what he was talking about.

Strange relationship

"Would you like to work for me?" I asked him. Fortunately he knew English, which is one of my languages.

"That was my hope, sahib," answered the man respectfully.

This was Shaik Subrati and that was the beginning of a curious relationship which I think is unknown in other parts of the world. Subrati was my servant, but he was also my father, my friend, my instructor and, in some respects, my child. A bond developed between us that has continued ever since.

Tigers are curious beasts and it's difficult to understand the workings of their minds. One tiger Subrati and I caught in a goat-baited trap was sent on to Mysore. When I went to see it, I found the poor animal in great pain. I'd given instructions to have a tree trunk tied to the side of the cage so he could sharpen his claws on it.

Unless tigers have an opportunity to do this the claws will grow too long and, as they are curved, enter the pad of the foot. This tiger, said to be a man-eater, had two claws that grew at a slight angle and even with the tree trunk he couldn't wear them down. They had gone into the pads and an infection had started. It was a horrible sight . . . the wounds had become gangrenous and were full of maggots.

Subrati and I rigged up a "squeeze cage" with one movable side that can

Animal collector Peter Ryhiner and his wife. "She was a wonderful business woman," he says, "and remarkably good with baby animals"

in tears . . .

be pushed in so the animal is held helpless. I cut out the claws and doctored the infection with disinfectant.

I hate to use a squeeze cage. It drives the animal frantic and he is hopelessly intractable afterwards, but in this case there was no other solution. One treatment wasn't enough, so we went back the next day. I was sick at having to go through the miserable business of squeezing the raging animal between the two planks, tying him in position, and then operating in spite of his screams of pain.

Treatment for tiger

To my amazement, the tiger came up to the bars and stuck out his sore foot through the cleaning slot that ran under the bars. Although I must have hurt him, he allowed me to work on the foot without protest. He could easily have reached out with the other paw while I was working, but he lay there like a big house cat, watching while I cleaned and dressed the wound. After that, whenever he saw me coming with the medical kit, he'd lie down and put his paw out for treatment. He was not tame, however. Except for medication he was as savage as any other tiger.

After four months' trapping, we had eight tigers as well as some other small animals and birds. I was trying to find a ship bound for Buenos Aires that would accept my cargo when Subrati, through the grapevine among animal men, found that there were three baby elephants for sale in Tripura. I flew up there, leaving Subrati in charge of the animals.

The elephants were owned by the lovely young maharani of the district. I went to the palace with five rickshaws—one to ride in and the rest for style. The maharani received me in the throne room with her advisers. Negotiating for elephants took about three hours. During the discussions, the maharani played with her pet dwarf. As she took no part in the conversation, I supposed that she didn't understand English, but when a price was finally agreed upon, she asked me in perfect English if I'd like to see the crown jewels. I assured her that it would be a great honour, so she sent the dwarf as my guide. He turned out to be a smart little fellow and a great conversationalist. He showed me more than a million pounds' worth of gems, all carefully watched by armed guards. Why anyone who owned all that wealth should spend so long striking a bargain over three elephants, I can't imagine.

My next problem was how to get the elephants to Mysore.

After a lot of trouble, I finally found an ex-R.A.F. pilot who had an old York cargo plane and would fly anything anywhere for a sum. He had an Indian co-pilot to make it legal for an Englishman to be conducting a business in India, and seemed to know his job.

When the time came for the babies to be loaded into the York, they refused to move. Their mothers were with them and both mothers and babies were weeping over the separation, actual tears running down their cheeks. I won't attempt to excuse my part in the business except to say that I'd already paid for the plane and the babies and I just couldn't take the loss.

None of us could move the babies and at last one of the mahouts said: "Sahib, stand aside. We will manage it." The mahouts gave their orders and the mothers pushed their babies into the plane, still crying bitterly. It was the most remarkable example of men's power over animals that I have ever seen in my life.

I got in with the babies, the doors were closed, and the plane took off. As soon as she tilted up to rise, all three elephants and I were thrown into the back of the plane, landing in a heap on top of each other. The babies weighed about six hundred pounds each and with that weight in the tail, the plane couldn't level off. It was touch and go whether or not we'd crash. Luckily the pilot was finally able to get control, and we arrived in Mysore without any more trouble.

Training elephants in India. Above: two tame elephants help to control a newly caught baby. Right: fully-trained animals on the lookout for babies that may have dropped behind the herd and got lost

In the next two weeks Subrati and I managed to collect seven baby elephants, all of them brought in either by plane or rail from various parts of India. My original three had become quite reconciled to their new life and were very tame. They ran around the compound like dogs and our only problem was to keep them from getting too near the tiger cages. We also had some baby tigers who needed a romp every day, so we were constantly busy.

I was lucky enough to find a steamer sailing from Madras bound for Buenos Aires. She was the Betty Ryan, owned by an English family, but of Argentinian registry. She was due to anchor in the river early the next day and sail at ten o'clock the same evening.

In addition to ten elephants and six tigers, I had four leopards, seven bears (sloth and Himalayan), six Negali antelope, four black buck, forty monkeys, three pythons, four cobras, a pair each of fishing cats and leopard cats. I also had three hundred birds, including sarus cranes, shama thrushes, green hunting cissas, and giant and lesser hornbills. This made quite a shipment, but I had everything arranged—or so I thought. Unfortunately, the next day everything went wrong.

When at 11 a.m. I gave orders to start moving the animals to the docks, the baby elephants went first. As we reached the street, a policeman stopped us.

"It is against the law to walk elephants through the streets except at night, because of the danger to the populace," he explained.

"But these are babies!" I protested.

"The law says nothing about the age of the elephants. You must wait until after sundown."

That would be too late. Subrati came to my rescue; he hired trucks, which were expensive.

Then Subrati, who I had planned would sail with the shipment while I continued trapping in India, was told that his papers were not in order. Under a new law he needed nine stamps instead of eight. Next I was called to the offices of the shipping company. They wouldn't allow any of the animals to be shipped unless a trained man was to accompany them from Madras. "We can't have a cargo of animals on a ship with no one to take care of them," the clerk pointed out.

I knew that Subrati would never get the extra stamp he needed in time. "Very well, I'll go," I said.

"Then you will have to be cleared, so you can leave India," the clerk said.

I had my passport but no exit permit

continued on page 30

At flood, famine or rail smash the Red Cross are there. And

AMATEURS IN A WORLD OF TROUBLE

by **RENÉ LECLER**

Hungary, 1956 . . . revolution and tragedy. And in Britain the Red Cross comforts a little girl, one of the first refugees to arrive

At 8.30 one evening last winter Mrs. Barbara Cove telephoned the director of the Bishop's Stortford Division of the British Red Cross. She needed help badly. Her daughter, whose husband worked in Hongkong, was holidaying in Salerno in southern Italy with her two children when she was taken ill with tubercular meningitis. Could the Red Cross help Mrs. Cove to get to her daughter's bedside?

The director, Mrs. Ethel Johnstone, immediately telephoned the invalid travel section at the national headquarters in London.

In less than an hour, the Red Cross had booked two seats on a plane leaving London Airport for Naples at 2.45 a.m., arranged for a car to pick up Mrs. Cove and her son and, since the Coves had no passports, begged the duty clerk at the Foreign Office to remain on duty to issue special travel documents.

With Red Cross workers alerted in Hertfordshire and Central London, the Coves reached the Foreign Office at 1 a.m., got their passports and were whisked off to the airport.

At 6.30 a.m. members of the Italian Red Cross greeted them at Naples and drove them to Salerno. Mrs. Cove was near her daughter at 8.30. The whole operation had taken only eleven hours, and thirteen different Red Cross officials had helped the Coves.

Not long ago, in a small Home Counties village, an elderly woman approached a Red Cross visitor with another kind of problem. Crippled with arthritis, she could use only one hand. She had not eaten a boiled egg in fifteen years because, quite simply, she could not open one. The Red Cross worker pondered this humble request and got to work; in two days he designed a small contraption which enabled the old lady to place the egg into an egg cup and open it single-handed.

Dealing with egg openers and passports at midnight as well as with major disasters like floods and revolutions is part of the day-to-day work of the British Red Cross Society. This year is the centenary of the idea which gave birth to the emblem of a red cross on a white background and has given help and succour to millions all over the world.

The man who had the idea was a

they'll also treat a wasp sting—or take the dog for a walk

Within fifteen minutes of the Harrow rail disaster Red Cross volunteers were on the spot. They tended the injured through two days of horror

Swiss business man from Geneva, Henri Dunant, who accidentally saw the results of the battle of Solferino on June 24, 1859, between France and Austria, when tens of thousands of soldiers were left without care on the battlefield.

Shocked by what he saw, Dunant set to work, enlisted the help of local Italian women and began tending the wounded. To everyone's surprise he looked after the wounded of both sides with complete impartiality. His helpers' cry of *"Siamo tutti fratelli"* —"we are all brothers"—has long since summed up the Red Cross attitude to mankind.

Three years later, obsessed by what he had seen of human misery, Dunant wrote a book about it. In 1864, the now famous Geneva Convention was signed and the Red Cross came into being. Today there are eighty-four national Red Cross societies, all leagued together to help the sick, wounded and needy.

In Britain alone, 434,000 Red Cross volunteers work in 3,724 groups and the gentle hand of their compassion reaches into every British home. Organized like an army, with headquarters, stores and a general staff whose orders reach into the smallest village, the Red Cross works in every imaginable field. It is unique, universal.

Flood of refugees

The care of refugees is very much part of its work. Take for instance what happened in Hampshire in November, 1956. At 4 p.m. on the seventeenth the telephone rang in the office of Miss Elizabeth Balfour, director of the Hampshire branch. "There'll be some Hungarian refugees arriving in your area within three days," she was told. "The army is lending some barracks in Aldershot. Could you go over and organize things?"

"Some" Hungarian refugees was an understatement. For cheerful, efficient Miss Balfour, this marked the start of three months of intensive work during which she and forty volunteers looked after five thousand refugees.

"I went to the barracks," she recalls, "and I did not realize at first how much work we'd have to do. This was a Saturday and I was told that two thousand people would be on our hands by the Monday."

She and her helpers cleaned up the barracks and then called at the nearby towns collecting soap, towels, brooms, razors, clothing, toothbrushes, gramophone records, games and medical equipment. "People were wonderful," she says simply. "We just asked and they gave."

Working around the clock she organized a major relief operation and by nightfall on the Sunday the refugees began to pour into Blackbushe Airport. "Some of them were scared to death," she says, "and so distrustful that they wouldn't even leave the plane until they saw our Red Cross badges."

In the months that followed, Elizabeth Balfour rarely slept more than four hours a night. Her office became the nerve centre of a huge organization. Calmly, smilingly, she dealt with queries about English lessons, jobs, health, Britain and the British way of life, food, lost relatives and religious services. She even arranged marriage ceremonies.

There were more than forty of these and she managed to get a wedding present for each bride. By the end of February, all the refugees had been absorbed into the life of the country. Elizabeth Balfour returned to more humdrum duties. She received the O.B.E.

Most people in Britain are familiar with other aspects of Red Cross work, the first-aid huts at football matches, on beaches and at rallies. These are manned by members of the voluntary aid detachments and ambulance drivers who have given up their leisure time. Last summer at the Royal Show in Bristol, when a groom unaccountably tried to cure a sore throat by swallowing some horse medicine, Red Cross nurses gave him first-aid and took him to hospital. In seven thousand duty hours at the show, 292 volunteers looked after 742 cases of people needing help.

Football matches always bring out the Red Cross in strength and there are now Red Cross specialists in this type of work; they have known for a long time that when a team plays badly its supporters often faint by the dozen.

Most beaches around Britain's coasts have one or more first-aid huts manned by the Red Cross. Norfolk, for instance, has seven of them spread around the coast and each summer they deal with more than three thousand casualties, mainly small things like stings from wasps and jellyfish and cuts from broken glass.

The Red Cross's work in nursing might be described as above and beyond the State's duty. Its V.A.D.s, all volunteers, take over when normal nursing staffs are overworked or depleted.

Last year, for instance, when the flu epidemic hit Oxford, Red Cross nurses toured the city almost house by house helping the sick. Two of them discovered a family of three all ill. The mother had to be taken to hospital and the father was bedridden. Taking turns, the two Red Cross workers looked after the child for a fortnight, taking her into their own homes, feeding her and putting her to bed.

During the same epidemic, the entire staff of the Dr. Barnardo's Home at East Cliff, Kent, went down with flu. With the children helpless a call to the local Red Cross headquarters quickly brought in a team of volunteers who for two weeks ran the home.

Yet another example of the Red Cross's attention to detail occurred in London some weeks ago when a young foreigner was involved in a street accident and badly injured. Hospital doctors found that he spoke no English. They tried German and French without success but formed the opinion that the man was probably Polish. A call to the Red Cross headquarters quickly turned up a Red Cross volunteer who could speak Polish, but she discovered that the man was Ukrainian. A further call located a Ukrainian-speaking nurse. She spent days at the man's bedside.

Today most Red Cross county organizations have a file of language cards on which medical and general health questions are listed.

By its unique international character and its many contacts overseas, the Red Cross is also eminently suited for another task of mercy: tracing missing people. Every week, more than seven hundred letters reach the tracing department of the society. Many come from behind the Iron Curtain, and in one week recently the director, Miss Muriel Monkhouse, and her staff managed to trace eighty-two Polish residents in Britain for their relatives in Poland. In six months following the Hungarian uprising, they dealt with more than eight thousand inquiries about Hungarian refugees.

Sense of humour

In its day-to-day work the Red Cross shines brightest in the often small things which the welfare state has left undone. Feet for instance are one of its preoccupations today. Chiropody not being included in the National Health Service, dozens of Red Cross organizations all over Britain have set up foot clinics for old people.

Red Cross workers use both their sense of proportion and their sense of humour when dealing with people who need help. Nothing is too small or too much trouble.

Not long ago an elderly woman, a resident of Hammersmith in London, who had been tied to her bed by arthritis for many years, told a Red Cross visitor that her greatest wish was to see the lights of Piccadilly once in her life. She had never been to the centre of the capital. Within two days a Red Cross car took her to Piccadilly and she sat near the statue of Eros for half an hour looking at the sights.

Welfare, in the Red Cross book, can include most things, even taking the dog for a walk. One day last summer, a welfare officer of the Dorset branch trudged miles over the hills to a lonely shack where an old, very deaf woman was ill in bed. The welfare officer cleaned her home, prepared her food and drink and then took Snowy the dog for a walk.

On her return the old woman asked her if the chickens were "all right." They had had food for three days but no water. So the long arm of the Red Cross took up a pail, filled it with water and gave the chickens a drink.

Spectacular work

The Red Cross runs homes for old people all over Britain and has 152 clubs for the disabled where people who might otherwise have been left helpless can talk, entertain themselves and take up hobbies.

Such everyday examples of help go side by side with the more spectacular work accomplished when disasters occur. The East Coast floods in 1953, the Barnes and Lewisham rail crashes and mine accidents brought out Red Cross volunteers in record numbers. At the Harrow train disaster in 1952, twenty-six Red Cross workers were on the spot within fifteen minutes.

Wherever people gather, the Red Cross is there. But crowd work or spectacular actions are but a small part of Red Cross activities. One Red Cross official once described the work of the society as "similar to an iceberg. You can't see the bigger part."

Only those who have been at the receiving end of Red Cross help know what it means.

Two years ago a young Welsh girl was taken seriously ill during a holiday in Majorca. On a Sunday morning, local Red Cross workers put the family in touch with London headquarters and within a few hours they were able to speak to their daughter, nine hundred miles away in a strange hospital, by telephone.

Two days later two relatives decided to fly out to bring the girl home. They left Swansea at 6.30 a.m. By 3 p.m. the Red Cross had presented them with passports, visas and all the help they needed during their journey. The girl got home safely. "When I inquired about a financial debt to the Red Cross for their many services," recalls the father, "they wrote about 'the privilege of helping'. . . ." THE END

THE NIGHT OF WENCESLAS

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

WAITING for me in my hotel room were two men. They wore identical long, pale raincoats, and both of them had their hats on. "Whistler, Nicolas?" one said conversationally. "We must ask you some questions."

I licked my lips. . . . This was what I had dreaded ever since cunning little Cunliffe, back in London, had tricked me into coming to Prague. I believed then that I was to bring out from Czechoslovakia the secret of a new type of unbreakable glass. The formula, Cunliffe told me, would be hidden in the flyleaf of the guide book called a Norstrund, that I was to "forget" and leave on the manager's desk at the Zapotocky Works. The plan seemed to go off without a hitch; for a time I forgot my fears—even to the extent of enjoying a gay night out with a beautiful Czech girl, Vlasta Simenova. I made a date with her for the following Saturday.

And then Josef, the floor waiter at my hotel, tried to drug me. Things began to happen fast. Before I left London my girl, Maura, had given me a second Norstrund. Accidentally, I realized, I had switched it for Cunliffe's and taken Maura's copy to the works with me. Josef was trying to obtain Cunliffe's copy.

Later, I examined this Norstrund and found a formula in it—a formula I had unwittingly brought *out* of England. I couldn't understand it but the top line was enough. It read: "Amend Aldermaston 8, 3rd stage, Banshee." I knew Aldermaston was the nuclear weapon place. Terrified, I destroyed the slip of paper and rushed out to contact the British Embassy. . . .

But the embassy was closed for the night. And when I got back to the hotel I was shocked to see both my Norstrunds side by side on a table and two men waiting for me. I said fearfully: "Who are you?" For answer, the taller man took out his wallet and showed me a card. It had his portrait on it and the words STATNI NARODNE BEZPECNOST. State Security Police. . . .

PART THREE

I SEEMED to have stopped breathing some time ago. My chest was tight and suffocating. My hands, feet, scalp, lips had begun to throb. I sat down heavily on the arm of the easy chair.

"We've been waiting quite a long time for you, Pan Whistler. We wondered where you'd gone."

"I went out for a walk. I had a drink." My voice seemed several tones higher than usual.

"Where?"

"Somewhere." I couldn't think. It had gone out of my mind. I thought, *two Norstrunds. They'd found it then in the flower box. They knew I'd hidden it. They had an idea now what had happened.* "Somewhere by the national theatre," I said. "Why do you want to know?"

"Was it the Slavia?"

"The Slavia, that's it."

"How long were you there?"

"I don't know. I had a couple of drinks."

"Did you speak to anybody while you were there?"

"No."

"Not even the waiter?"

"Well, the waiter, of course the waiter."

"What did he look like?"

"I can't remember. It was a woman," I gabbled suddenly, as though this feat of memory could help me in any way. "I can't remember what she looked like. What do you want to know all this for?"

THE smaller man looked at his companion, who had replaced his wallet and was now jotting down notes on a pad. The taller man put down his pad and regarded me speculatively.

"You're not frightened of us, Pan Whistler?"

I licked my lips. "Why should I be?"

"I don't know," he said.

Suddenly he hit me full in the face. The force of the blow took me clean off the chair. I tumbled clumsily backwards and hit my head on the wardrobe. I stared up at them in shock and pain. My nose felt as if it had been squashed over my face. The excruciating pain had filled my eyes with tears. I was too shocked to utter a sound.

"Get up," the tall man said.

I got up slowly, holding my nose.

He hit me again, very hard, on the side of the face, his knuckles jarring my head and sending me stumbling back against the wardrobe. I bent double, trying desperately to shield my head and face, thinking, *Oh God, oh God, this is going to go on now. This is what happens. It will go on and on.*

But no further blows landed. I straightened up slowly, head and face singing with pain. The taller man was still regarding me speculatively, gently rubbing his knuckles. My jaw was trembling.

"Is our friend here inhibiting you?" the other man said.

I nodded.

"He's only trying to help. If you tell the truth there will be no more work for him. Who was it you saw at the Slavia?"

"Nobody. I'm telling the truth," I gabbled quickly. "You can check up. Someone must have seen me there. I'll tell you whatever you want. I'll tell you anything I can. I don't know what it is you want of me."

"Yes, you do know, Pan Whistler." The smaller man picked up the two Norstrunds and dropped them. There was a bit of sand on one and he brushed it off slowly. "And we know that you met someone and gave them something. The only question for you is whether you tell us about it somewhat unwillingly now, or very willingly indeed later on. Do you understand?"

I said: "I swear to you that I gave nothing to anyone."

"Why did you leave the hotel?"

"I was frightened."

"What of?"

"I saw the waiter searching the room. I thought he would find the—the thing I was trying to hide."

"But you found it instead, didn't you?"

"No."

There was nothing quick about it this time. The tall man put out one hand to steady me and hit me, as hard as he could, with the other. It was in the stomach. I doubled over, gasping and retching, and he stepped back and let me fall on the floor.

I was sick.

Presently the smaller man said: "Get up now, Pan Whistler. It is stupid to lie. We know you found the paper. Admit it."

I nodded.

"And you wished to get rid of it quickly in case it was found on you. That is so, isn't it?"

STILL too sick to speak, I nodded again. Yet curiously, in this moment of physical horror, I found my brain suddenly beginning to function again. Why should they assume I had given the paper to someone? I had thought myself a courier of glass secrets from the country, not nuclear secrets into it. If I had seen the paper it was obvious what I would have done with it—destroy it at once in a panic. Then why assume I had passed it on to someone else?

I suddenly saw why, in a flash of inspiration. They didn't know if I'd understood what it was. There was still a possibility that I hadn't rumbled what was going on. That was the point of all these questions. They didn't think I'd given it to anyone. They were giving me the opportunity of saying. *Why the hell should I have given it to anyone? I destroyed it. I flushed it down the lavatory pan.* Then they would know that I knew. Then I'd be cooked.

I said: "I didn't give it to anyone. I posted it. It should have caught the six o'clock post."

They were taken utterly by surprise. They looked at each other.

"To whom did you send it?"

"To a man called Cunliffe, the man who sent me, in London."

"You thought it would go through the post without examination?"

"I didn't know what to think. I was in a panic."

NOBODY said anything for a minute. The loudspeakers boomed outside. It had begun to rain heavily.

The small man said slowly: "It didn't occur to you to destroy the paper? That would have been the quickest and safest way."

I said: "I wish to hell I had done. But I'd come all the way to get it. I thought there was just a chance it would go through. There was nothing to connect me with it."

Silence again for a minute. "Very well," he said at last, heavily. "We will see, Pan Whistler. I hope, for your sake, that you are telling the truth this time. Get your coat."

I turned to get it from the wardrobe, heart pounding. I knew there was nothing to lose. I thought, *Oh God, I'll never do it.*

I took the raincoat off the hangar and turned round with it. They were both looking at me thoughtfully, side by side on the bed. The raincoat was creased from the morning's rain. I shook it out. I seemed to be shaking it out for about two hours. I threw the raincoat over them and punched their heads together with a crack.

I switched off the light, opened the room door, yelled at the top of my voice. Then I hared back across the room, out on to the balcony, and went in quietly through the bathroom window, pulling it to behind me.

I don't know how many seconds it took. I was shaking all over. I got down behind the bath in the gap between it and the wall. I crouched there, holding my bruised stomach and trying not to be sick again.

There was a confused row from the next room, people stumbling about. The room light went on again. Josef's voice. "He didn't come this way. I was in the corridor." Then they were on the balcony, footsteps running in the opposite direction. I couldn't hear if they got as far as the fire escape at the opposite end. The loudspeakers drowned everything.

I had perhaps half a minute to get out through the bedroom. There was a loose bit of lead piping under the bath. I picked it up and tiptoed over to the half-open door to the bedroom.

Josef stepped in from the balcony. I ran across the room with the piping. He said: "No, No," before I hit him as hard as I could. He folded up on the floor. I didn't know if I'd killed him. It was the first time I'd ever hit anyone. I looked quickly round the room, saw my passport and wallet and stuffed them in my pocket. I didn't know how I was going to get out of the hotel. I was sure they'd have people watching, a full description of me.

The moment I thought of this I began tugging Josef's tailcoat off him. He had no shirt underneath, just a wide dicky, taped back and front, and a clip-on-bow. I got the whole lot off, then his trousers, jerking in a panic. I thought they'd be running back along the balcony at any moment.

I was in his clothes in less than half a minute. I bundled him under the

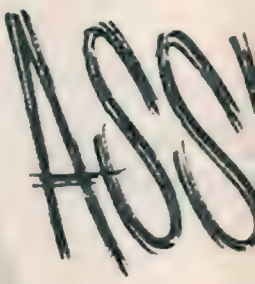
I dare not let her see

now. Not with the

police at my h

certainly no

could steal



ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

me

ecret

els—and

until I

some clothes

IGNATION

WITH

TEMPTATION

The shock of seeing Vlasta in a restaurant talking to another man unnerved me. I turned and headed swiftly for the far side of the bathing station

continued from page 20

bed, kicked the pile of clothes after him, transferred the money and passport, and went out in the corridor.

Rain was bouncing in at the open window there. I thought I'd better get a raincoat, it would look suspicious going out without one. I couldn't take my own. The raincoats were different here, long, thin, pale-coloured. I tried the first door along the corridor. The room was empty. There were clothes scattered on the bed, a case open on the luggage rack, splashing coming from the bathroom. I opened the wardrobe door, saw a man's raincoat inside, and took it.

I went down by the back stairs. A man in a hat and raincoat stood in the shelter of the doorway out of the rain.

He raised his arm to hold me back. "I'm sorry, nobody is to leave."

I said: "I know, comrade, I know. They've got him. He's upstairs now. I'm the floor waiter."

He watched me getting into my raincoat, somewhat sourly. "Where do you think you're going?"

"To the chemist's," I said, my stomach turning over and over. "They need something quickly. He's a delicate little soul liable to pass out any minute."

He said: "Wait here," and went in through the double doors.

I heard the swing door going, and ran up the alley. It was unlit, black, but presently it curved and I saw the lights at the end. Nobody stopped me this time. I walked out into the Vaclavske Namesti.

DESPITE the rain the street was still thronged with hardy workers for socialism.

I knew that my only hope was to get to the Malostranske as quickly as possible, and to effect, as they say, an entrance to the British Embassy.

The Malostranske lay at the other side of the river—a half-hour's walk in the crowded streets.

I walked over to the island in the middle of the road. The little trams were ding-donging by, packed to the steps, but three came in quick succession, and I managed to get on the last. I stood on the step, battered, bruised, my stomach still stiff and aching from the last blow, but wonderfully alive as we swayed and lurched down the brilliant, seething street.

In my desire to get away from the hotel and make for the thickest crowds, I had walked down the street. The tram now took me back up it, past the hotel, to the huge picture of Lenin at the junction. My cockiness lasted until approximately this point, where the tram ground to a halt. It seemed to be stationary longer than usual.

The conductress presently struggled off, muttering, and after a minute or two came back. "Anyone in a hurry had better get off," she said. "You'd do better to walk. They're looking for something in front."

A noisy, larky bunch of teenagers tumbled off the tram. I tumbled off with them. There was really no need for me to look. The passengers were coming off the leading trams singly, each opening his coat as he got off, each showing his papers. Two men in hats and raincoats stood by each of the three leading trams. It was all very businesslike. They'd not wasted time.

I continued numbly to the corner, saw the same performance taking place on the pavement with pedestrians wishing to debouch into the Narodne Trida and into the Prikopy, and turned and made my way back down the street.

There are nine main roads running off the Vaclavske Namesti, five of them in the direction of the river, four of them away from it. It took me forty minutes in the crowded street to find that they were all covered.

As I'd seen from the start, it was a businesslike operation. I wasn't going to the British Embassy tonight. I wasn't going to leave the Vaclavske Namesti. I was cobbled.

By half past ten the street showed no sign of clearing, but the rain, although it had slowed to a drizzle, had mercifully not stopped. I kept the raincoat buttoned up to my chin and trudged wearily up the street again. I was sick of the sight of it, having gone there and back six times. I was dropping with exhaustion.

The future, it seemed to me, was short and brutally unpromising. There were perhaps twenty thousand people in the stretch between Lenin and the museum. They would all have to go to bed at some time.

Then the police would begin to round up stragglers. "Open your coat. Where are your papers?" there was nowhere for me to run. There would be no point in struggling. Just a brief ride in a closed van, and then they would start hitting me again.

I had counted six *parky* stalls up and down the street, their naphtha flares pale in the floodlighting. My stomach revolted at the thought of the hot, greasy sausages and the coarse black bread. But I knew suddenly that I had to sit down. I didn't think I could keep going five minutes longer without a rest. There was a wooden box outside the next stall and I flopped on to it.

"How many?" the stallkeeper said.

"One, please."

He leaned over to look at me. "Is something wrong, comrade?"

I said faintly: "I feel sick."

"You want some mineral water?"

"Yes, please."

I hadn't seen any bottles. He moved away inside somewhere and came out of a side door with a glass. I sat on the box and drank the mineral water and presently felt well enough to eat the *parky* and black bread he had left on the counter for me. I wondered where he had got the bottle from. The stall was about six feet long, four wide, a wooden shack on iron barrow wheels.

I went round to the side door and handed the glass in to him. You could step right inside and not be seen from the street. Two or three people could step inside. There were a few shelves with bottles, raw sausages, loaves of bread, a dark area about a yard square.

I thanked him and continued slowly along the street, hope beginning to expand again like bubbles in some steamy swamp. I wondered if all the other stalls were the same. I thought they would be. I thought there should be something one could do about this.

I SUDDENLY realized exactly what I could do about it and stood stock still on the pavement, the back of my neck beginning to sweat. It would have to be a very small stallkeeper, I thought. I couldn't cope with anything bigger than a dwarf in my ruined condition.

I had a dim recollection of a gnome-like figure superintending a stall at the corner of the Stepanska, and crossed the road and made my way to it. I hadn't been wrong. He was a little skinny fellow wearing a peaked cap and a shiny plastic jacket. It was several sizes too large for him, I was glad to see.

I waited till there was a lull in trade and went round to the side door, trembling. I pushed the door open.

He saw me right away and said irritably: "What is it? What do you want?"

He came over with a string of sausages and a knife in his hand and he was so damned old and bent I could hardly bring myself to do it. I hit him on the head with the piping and he fell down. I got out of Josef's clothes and pulled the old man's jacket on. There was no floor to the stall and his cap had rolled in the gutter.

I picked it up quickly and put it on, and in the same moment someone began rapping on the counter and calling: "*Prosim, prosim, parky, prosim.*"

I went over to the counter, sweating. There were half a dozen of them there. They'd materialized suddenly. I didn't think I could have been more than a minute or two. A pan of *parky* was stinking away on the stove. The bread was sliced and I forked *parky* out of the pan and handed them over.

I had never seen more than half a dozen people at a stall all night, but now for some ill-starred and damnable reason this one became suddenly popular. In no time there was a queue of a dozen or so, and I shambled there and back, emptying and replenishing the *parky* pan in the yellow malodorous glare until I was faint with nausea and fatigue.

I heard eleven o'clock strike and then a quarter past, and shortly after that the loudspeakers stopped and the stream of customers dried up. I thought it was time I got the hell out of it. The old man had not stirred, but he was breathing.

On the corner of the Stepanska, a few yards away, a couple of raincoated S.N.B. men were stopping everyone who entered the street. Open your coat. Show your papers. Well, I thought; I could show mine. The old man's papers said he was Vaclav Borsky, seventy-four, one hundred and sixty-one centimetres, born Kutna Hora. I was not too bothered about this discrepancy in age. They weren't really looking at the papers, just seeing that everyone had them. They knew Whistler Nicolas, the well-known spy, hadn't.

I left the counter and walked out of the side door and went haring back in again faster than I'd ever moved in my life. One of the S.N.B. men was walking over.

He said: "You're packing up early."

I said: "No. No."

"Do us a couple quick, comrade, and the same for my friend. We're dropping there."

I said: "Certainly. Of course."

He watched while I fiddled with the *parky*. I felt some comment might be called for, and said in a kind of soprano: "What's all the excitement been, comrade?"

"Ah, don't bother your head. It's an enemy of the people at large."

"What's he done?"

"Nothing to what we'll do when we get him. He's a famous American criminal, an expert in disguise. He escaped dressed as a waiter."

"I hope you catch him."

"We will," he said, walking off with the *parky*. He had not paid.

I remained inside the stall, quivering like a leaf. In a matter of minutes the street had gone quiet, and I was suddenly aware the trams had stopped. An ominous silence set in, broken presently by a subdued rumbling. I came out of the side door. The floodlighting went off suddenly. Up and down the street the naphtha flares were moving, iron barrow wheels rumbling over the cobbles.

ONE of the S.N.B. men walked over. "Better get that rattle trap away now. The inspector will be round any minute. He wants to find the street empty."

I said, "Right away," and went back inside nearly collapsing with panic. The inspector wouldn't be finding the street empty. Vaclav Borsky was lying about in it, at present under the stall and snoring rhythmically.

The other policeman stepped over to join his mate, saying irritably: "Come on, come on now. What's the trouble? Smirtov will be here any moment. Here, give him a hand."

I came out of the side door at a rush, crying: "No. Wait. Don't trouble yourselves, comrades. I've just got to go somewhere a minute. Watch the stall for me, please. I'm bursting."

I don't know if they believed me. I was beyond caring if they believed me. I thought it would take a minute or two for them to suspect, a little longer for them to know definitely.

I went round the corner of the Stepanska like a whippet. The street

continued on page 35

My face and head were singing with the pain of the blows. I got up slowly. "I'll tell you whatever you want," I gabbled

JEROME HOOD makes a personal call on ROBIN DAY . . .

Cross-examiner

BETWEEN the chic Bohemianism of Chelsea and the washing lines of Fulham lies Elm Park Gardens, an uneasy thoroughfare. "Desirable" at one end, definitely going a bit at the other, it has a foot in both camps. Precisely in the middle, and scorning allegiance to either end, lives its most famous resident. This is Robin Day, until recently the full-time brooding eminence of British TV.

With his huge, hunched frame and horn-rimmed intransigence, Day is still the most forceful apparition on British screens. He is not, however, any longer full-time. A few weeks ago, to the delight of his rivals and the near ecstasy of postal critics (sample comments, "you swollen-headed pip-squeak," "you boorish lout"), he threw up the job—to become prospective Liberal candidate for Hereford.

Mystery bachelor

Why he should have done this is something of a mystery to his friends. He seemed to have everything he wanted. In less than four years he has reached the top in television. His merciless interrogation of such personalities as Dulles, Nasser, Makarios, Nixon and Macmillan have made him front-page news. His future seemed to be one of steadily mounting influence and increasing prosperity.

To penetrate this mystery, I called on Day in his third-floor eyrie overlooking Elm Park Gardens.

A half-pint bottle of milk stood on his doorstep: at thirty-five he is still a bachelor and lives alone. His flat is a spacious one, tastefully decorated, but almost fussily spick and span.

He greeted me without ceremony. "Hallo. Sit down. Is there anything you want? A drink or something? If there is, say so. I forget to ask."

Away from the screen, his manner is abrupt and abstracted. With his broad, stooped shoulders, mane of tawny hair and rather lowering expression, he resembles an introspective bird of prey.

He was regarding me warily, evidently ill at ease in a situation where he had to answer questions instead of asking them. Day's own technique with wary subjects is to lob in straight away what is variously known as "a spinner," "a hot potato" or "a sideways one." This is a question which looks innocent enough in trajectory but tends to scorch on landing.

I said: "There seems to be a bit of a mystery why you should want to throw up a responsible and lucrative job to represent an almost non-existent party."

Day reacted with a slight hunching of his shoulders. "Millions of Liberals up and down the country could soon reassure you whether they exist or not," he said quietly. "As to my job—I was primarily a newscaster and political reporter. There's a rule that you can't carry on doing that and be an active politician at the same time."

"Why did you want to be an active politician?"

"I think anyone who has had to study Parliament, as I've had to for the past two or three years, must see there's something badly wrong with it. It's sterile. It's degenerated into a farce. Someone said the other day that the debates are like a kickabout before a football match which is never going to take place.

"The trouble is, our political life is bedevilled by the two big party machines. They're so bound up with their own battles that they lose sight of the real issues of our time—the ones that matter to ordinary people."

"How do you think you can change the situation?"

"By injecting new life into politics. By insisting that these issues are discussed. As a Liberal I'm not tied to any one class or interest. Our central theme is the liberty of the individual. I would look on myself as a champion of that liberty."

"Couldn't you champion it more successfully on television than as a single voice in a minute party?"

"Maybe. But we've got democratic procedures and we must use them," Day said coldly. "All over the world democracy is collapsing. More and more countries are being run by soldiers and generals. If people like myself, with the educational background and the interest, won't exercise their citizens' rights, it's a poor outlook. That's why I'm standing."

"What is your background?"

"Middle class. I was born in Hampstead and went to a boarding school in the Isle of Wight. After four years in the army I went to Oxford to read law."

"Is your father a lawyer?"

"No. He was a civil servant. He died in nineteen forty-eight, and my mother two years earlier. I think the law was my own idea. I was always involved with debating societies and so on. At Oxford I became President of the Union and toured America with a debating team."

"How long were you engaged with the law?"

"Four years at Oxford, and then just under two as a practising barrister."

"Why did you give it up?"

"I couldn't support myself. It wasn't that I was a failure," he said, looking up from lighting a cigarette. "In my first year I made two hundred guineas, in the second year three hundred. That's well above average. Also the Middle Temple had awarded me a two-hundred pound grant. The snag was, expenses were higher than income.

"For instance, I might get a brief at Crewe for two or three guineas, but often fares and meals and hotel bills came to three or four.

"I daren't spend anything on myself. I couldn't take a girl out. I often went hungry. At the age of twenty-nine, I was living like a student—while my friends got on in the world. Young barristers really have it very hard.

"I tried to make money wherever I could—with the odd legal article in the press, a talk on radio. But it was a harassing, wearing sort of life. I had no parents or family circle to fall back on. . . . In the end, I just couldn't go on any longer.

"I got a job with the British Information Service in Washington, through friends with whom I'd been corresponding since my undergraduate tour. Then after about a year I came home again and joined the B.B.C. as a radio producer.

"I really wanted to go into television, but there was nothing doing."

Brilliant, but . . .

"Did the B.B.C. think you unsuitable?"

"I don't know what they thought. They never took the trouble to tell me. Of course, when Independent Television came on the scene in nineteen fifty-five, I wrote in right away and managed to land a job as a newscaster."

Day had then been nearly thirty-two. From his story so far an impression had emerged of a man who, while "brilliant" to his friends, had somehow never managed to click professionally. I wondered if a nagging fear of failure had inspired his savage interviewing technique, and put the question to him.

He stubbed out his cigarette and lit another. "I don't go about things that way at all. And I don't agree my questioning is savage. It's vigorous and incisive, certainly. I look on myself as counsel on behalf of the viewer. What I try to achieve is a portrait in cross-examination based on Fleet Street news standards. But there's nothing unfair about my methods."

"Haven't they sometimes resulted in the public humiliation of an interviewee?"

"That's not been my intention," Day said sharply. "My aim is to expose the truth. If the person I'm questioning happens to find himself in difficulties, that's his fault, not mine." The point seemed to worry him, however. He said, after a moment: "They're usually able to take care of themselves, you know. I don't go out to needle them."

"You seemed to be doing that with Ingrid Bergman."

"That was different. That was perfectly justifiable. She was going on about how indecent it was for ordinary people to be interested in the private lives of public people. So I asked her if she'd been reading the trial and the letters in the case of Lana Turner. She said yes, she had—but only out of compassion.

"Of course, I was on to her immediately. I put it to her that her interest, whatever the motive, was tantamount to peeping through a keyhole—all the stuff she'd been giving me. I drove her rather hard, I admit, and I succeeded in getting under her skin. But it wasn't deliberate rudeness. I was merely exposing the fragility of her position, and the fact that she had dual standards.

"And remember this—" he said, wound up now, and not prepared to give way as I tried to interrupt—"remember this: one often gets as good as one gives. When I was interviewing Jayne Mansfield and asked her why she persisted in leading a tiger on a pink string down Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, she looked right in to the camera and said very sweetly, 'I guess I just like pink.' Who do you think came off worse there? But I enjoyed it It was good stuff, good television."

"Wouldn't you say——"

"And I'll tell you another thing," he said. "Our standards have changed in

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continued from previous page

the past few years. It's hard sometimes to know where to draw the line. A few weeks ago I interviewed the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Leeds, and afterwards wondered if I hadn't really gone too far. It wasn't anything in particular that I'd said—just the general line, critical, sceptical, pretty tough. I was worried in case I'd offended a lot of Catholics.

"But not a bit of it. I got letters galore from Catholics saying how fine it was, and the only adverse criticism was that I hadn't been tough enough. Now even two years ago that interview would have been considered scandalous.

"We've moved a long way. A whole lot of things have been brought into the open. People aren't really aware of the change. But it's a good change. Things ought to be discussed."

In the past few minutes, he had come bounding out of his shell. Behind the horn-rimmed glasses, his eyes were lively and sparkling, the severe, opinionated lines of his face relaxed. He looked suddenly several years younger, an alert, vital man. I wondered if he was able to rouse such enthusiasm over less public matters.

I said: "Have you ever been in love?"

"Have I been where?"

"In love."

"In love," he said, looking down at his cigarette. He withdrew slightly. "Well, now. It would be odd if I hadn't been, by the age of thirty-five."

"But not actually engaged?"

He rolled the cigarette in his fingers for a few moments. "Not what you'd call actually engaged."

"You've tottered on the brink?"

He said slowly: "It's been largely a question of circumstance. Something always seems to have come up to prevent the thing getting very far. I've either been too poor or too busy."

"Marriage isn't a very high priority with you, then?"

"It's not a matter of priority. If I fall in love with some girl and she falls in love with me, fine. I would like to be married. But you've got to take these things as they come. You might plunge into something and find yourself being made very unhappy."

"Would you say you were cautious in your emotional life?"

"In some ways, yes—in other ways very impulsive. I think if I do get married, it would probably be damn quick, before either of us had time to change our minds. At my age if you hang about, doubts begin to set in." He looked up with one of his rare transfiguring smiles. "But I'm not in any desperate hurry."

"Have you a large circle of friends?"

"Yes. Because not having a family circle to go to when I want to discuss things or for company, I go to friends. There are between a dozen and twenty people I would regard as very close friends indeed."

'I intend to win'

"Did you discuss giving up your job?"

"Yes, I did, and met with a lot of opposition. The thing is, I was giving up a very substantial salary, and probably various professional opportunities as well.

"Still, there are some things you've got to do."

"What are your chances at Hereford?"

"Oh, I intend to win. The Tory majority is only two thousand odd."

"And you're prepared for a life of permanent and powerless opposition?"

Day stood up and walked about the room. "It won't be powerless," he said. "What you've got to understand is that we mean to take over from the Labour Party as the progressive wing in British politics. Oh, it will take time. But you'll see it happen. The Labour dynamic is gone."

I said: "Some leading Liberals don't seem to agree with you. Both Megan Lloyd George and Dingle Foot have joined the Labour Party."

Day stopped and grunted. "I expect Megan's regretting it, too," he said. "She'd have had far more influence if she'd stuck to her guns as a Liberal."

"What about Dingle Foot?"

"Well, I can understand Dingle. He's a friend of mine. We were at the same school. He's an eminent lawyer. It's understandable that he wants to serve in Parliament and attain office. That doesn't make him a Socialist."

"You're suggesting he joined the party merely to get into Parliament and that he's still an undercover Liberal?"

"Well, I'd certainly like to think his views haven't changed merely because he's joined another party," Day said warmly. "He probably thinks he can achieve more good by attaining office in the Labour Party than by not getting elected in the Liberal Party. That doesn't imply any loss of integrity. It's merely sad he should have to do it."

'My philosophy . . .'

"You said your main interest was the liberty of the subject. Is this drawn from your legal training?"

He sat down. "Yes, it is. The law is profoundly important to me. It's the basis of my philosophy. Our common law has developed on the empirical principle—that things are decided as you come to them, on the basis of what is right and what is fair. It didn't start with a complete code of ethics.

"I mean, the first idea that a man could get a remedy for a wrong against him didn't arise out of a legal abstraction. It arose out of a chap with a complaint—in thirteen hundred and something. He was having some goods ferried across the Humber, and they sank, and he thought, why should I be the loser? I have been done wrong.

"So he went to the king's court, and they heard him and said, well, yes, it does seem wrong. This poor fellow has suffered through someone else's action and the responsible person ought to recompense him. And so we had the first judgment of its kind. Now this is terribly important. It's the most important thing England has given the world—the idea of the reasonable man being the determining factor.

"It's there in our jury system. It's deeply implanted in our people. Even the most uneducated person knows that our system of law is *meant* to be fair. It sums up my own outlook."

"You see yourself as a reasonable trial judge?"

Day thought about it, tugging at his spotted bow-tie. "Not really," he said. "I might like to. . . . But essentially, I've got to admit, I'm a controversialist. I see myself as a rebel, a challenger of authority. I think this comes through on TV—without any attempt on my part to make a gimmick of it."

He got up to pour drinks, and indicated that he had been grilled enough. I agreed. But I was curious about one thing. I said: "If our rôles had been reversed and you were interviewing me, would you have raised any question that I've not put?"

Day pondered over it, sipping his drink. "No," he said at last. "To tell you the truth, you're the first person who's really put me on the spot. A good effort, if I may say so."

This seemed compliment enough from Britain's most celebrated interrogator. As I was going, however, he said: "There was just one thing. You got on to something that I wouldn't have let drop quite so easily."

"What was that?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

"Which area of the discussion was it?"

"Sorry. Work it out for yourself."

I left, wondering about it. I'm still wondering. THE END

Everybody's Puzzling

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

I have a horse, a dog and a sheep.

The combined ages of the horse and the dog total fourteen years.

When the dog is as old as the horse is now, he will be five times as old as the sheep is now.

By that time the sheep will be twice as old as the dog is now. What are their ages?

QUIZZLE

The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

A. Well-known recipe for prosperity of mind and body (5, 2, 3, 3, 5, 2, 4).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Letter.
B. Legendary island, said to be engulfed in the Western Sea.
C. Exhibition of cowboy skill.
D. Musical theme which recurs.
E. An evergreen.
F. An appointment to meet.
G. City, known until 1925 as Christiana.
H. Founder of the religion of Tibet.
I. Eagle.
J. Inference.
K. White, marble-like mineral.
L. The lowest point of anything.
M. Finger or toe.
N. Outer part of joint between fore and upper arm.
O. Street bordered with trees.
P. Eating place.
Q. Aspect of countryside or picture depicting it.
R. Fermented liquor prepared from milk.
S. Slender, twining part of a plant.
T. East.
U. Germany as an empire.
V. Greek rainbow goddess.
W. With "Open," magic formula for admittance.
X. Wooden lattice on which to train trees.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46				

A		1	2						
B			3			4			
C		5							
D		6				7		8	
E	9								
F	10	11							
G		12	13						
H	14		15		16				
I		17							
J		18		19					
K	20					21			
L	22			23					
M			24						
N				25					
O		26	27						
P			28	29				30	
Q			31	32					
R			33	34	35		36		
S	37		38						
T		39		40					
U				41					
V		42							
W		43			44				
X			45				46		

NOW TURN TO PAGE 37 FOR THE ANSWERS

LIME JUICE

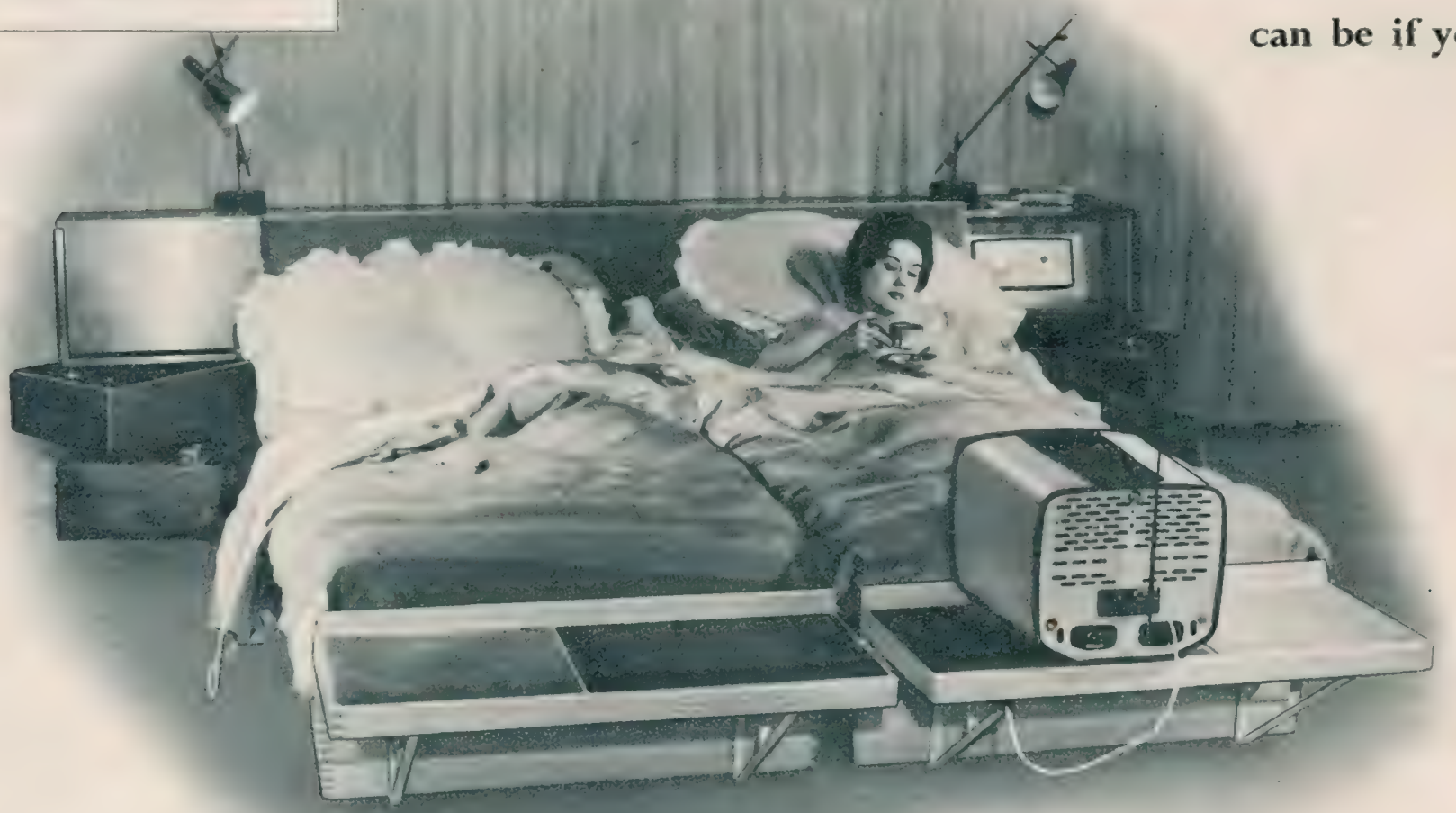
The best drink in the world for your complexion as well as your thirst

Beds have certainly changed from the earlier days of elaborate carvings and vast canopies

Beds which move

Life may not be a

can be if you



If you are looking for the last word in bedroom luxury, this bed costs £2,500. Among the luxuries at your disposal are television and radio, a tape-recorder, individual posture control which will raise your head or your feet, electrically heated blankets, a tea-maker and, perhaps I need hardly mention . . . mink coverlets!

IF you're feeling old and tired before your time, it's ten to one it's because your mattress is old and tired, too. It's probably time you bought a new one. Experts have proved that a large proportion of the tiredness and insomnia and bad temper from which we all suffer is caused by uncomfortable sleep. And more often than not, we get so used to sleeping uncomfortably that we are not consciously aware that we *are* uncomfortable. It is the sub-conscious self which complains—hence the bad temper.

The cure is to find a bed which is really comfortable, whether you are awake or asleep. A bed should be not too soft, not too hard, but springy and resilient, and conform to the contours of your body.

Choosing a bed is a very personal affair. One which feels to you like thistledown may be more like a sheet of corrugated iron to someone else. Finding the right bed is a matter largely of experiment. And by experiment, I don't mean a timid prod with your fingertips. Try it out properly, lie on it, bounce about, and feel whether it gives your body the comfort and support it needs.

Don't try to economize on a bed. Spend as much as you possibly can on it: beds are like carpets in that you get exactly what quality you pay for, and the more you pay, the more satisfied you are likely to be. If you are setting up house for the first time, your bed should come first on your list, not be left to the end.

Don't be misled by pretty covers. After all, you don't see these when the bed is made up.

Price and kitemark

Go to a good store, preferably one which specializes in bedding. Here you will be sure to get good advice about the merits of the various beds you see. Look for the kitemark of the British Standards Institution. Ninety per cent of bedding manufacturers subscribe to this, and the mark guarantees a minimum quality. You will still see large differences in price between different beds all bearing the kitemark, and some very good quality beds which do not have it at all. The safest guide is to judge a bed on the combination of price and kitemark.

Broadly speaking there are three kinds of mattress: hair, rubber and interior sprung.

Of these, by far the most popular is the interior sprung. These are made up of a spring unit of either the open or pocketed type. The open type is made up as a complete unit with hour-glass springs fixed together with linking wires, and as a result there may be a slight tendency for the mattress to "tilt" if you lie too near the edge. The B.S.I. standards require a minimum of 288 springs in a 4 ft. 6 in. wide mattress having this type of unit.

The pocketed type of spring unit consists of small barrel-shaped springs which should not exceed 3 in. in diameter, each one in a separate calico pocket. The more expensive kind of units have 2 in. springs fitted together honeycomb wise, and there can be more than one thousand in a 4 ft. 6 in. wide mattress. The manufacturers of mattresses using this type of unit claim that separately pocketed springs conform more easily to the shape of the body and that the arrangement gives more support per square inch than any other.

Over the springs, on either side of the mattress, you have first a pad of coir-fibre or hair, or a mesh of thin wires, to ensure that you will feel no movement of metal from the springs.

On top of this goes the surface upholstery which can be anything from loose washed flock to layered fibrous materials, to curled hair or pure wool. The layered materials can be either cotton, felt or flocculent material with a varying proportion of wool. The B.S.I. standards require a minimum of fifty per cent wool content, but this can be as much as eighty-five per cent

Rest your head

The choice of bedheads is wide and varied and ranges between brass, wrought iron, wood (of all kinds) and quilted headboards. Here are four attractive models

by Roger Smithells

with the times

bed of roses, but a good third of it

choose a really comfortable mattress

with woollen felt. Curled hair and pure wool are the most expensive upholstery materials, and probably the most comfortable if you like your bed to retain warmth. A newer alternative is upholstery of latex foam which feels pleasantly cool. Some manufacturers make mattresses with a winter side and a summer side — traditionally fibrous materials on one side and foam rubber on the other.

Those, then, are the ingredients which go to make up a spring interior mattress, and, according to the quality of each, the price of each individual mattress varies. For a 4 ft. 6 in. double-size mattress, you could pay 11 gns. or you could pay 60 gns., and outwardly they would not look much different.

All spring mattresses have air holes in the side. This ensures that they are fully ventilated at all times.

Latex foam mattresses are of simpler construction—simply a latex core covered with ticking. These are usually thinner than spring interior mattresses. They have a rather special kind of resilience which you either like very much or don't like at all.

Wool and hair

Pure wool or hair mattresses are very pleasant to sleep on, but also fairly expensive. The wool and hair which go inside must be of a very good quality for a mattress, and consequently a spring interior mattress is usually cheaper. The advantage of a wool or hair mattress, or one which is a sandwich of both, is that every five years or so you can send them back to the makers to be renovated. All the filling is taken out, teased out and put back in the ticking. This virtually gives you a new mattress for very little cost.

The difference in thickness before and after renovation may be as much as an inch! Mattresses are also available made of flock or kapok, but these will go lumpy if they are often used.

Whichever mattress you choose, and however good it is, it deserves a good base to rest on. A sagging base means a sagging bed. Padded divan bases, which are the neatest, most practical kind, are made up again of springs resting on wooden or metal struts. The springs are heavier and fewer than those used for mattresses. These are covered over in much the same way as a mattress, and finished with ticking or damask.

A good base should never dip in the middle—if anything, it should rise slightly to compensate for the pressure when you climb into bed.

Open-spring bases should have supporting coil springs which will prevent sagging.

If your mattress is of very good quality, your base, while it must be firm, does not need to be very springy. You can suit it to your own preference. Foam rubber mattresses need more springs in the base to compensate for the amount of give in the mattress.

Watch those springs

Broadly speaking, the deeper-looking bases have deeper and therefore more resilient springs. The shallower-looking ones with legs, however, make it easier to clean the floor underneath. Be careful that you don't buy a bed with a base which looks as if it goes down to the floor, whose springs are really only half as deep. Insist on the bed being turned over.

Before you buy, you must consider several personal factors. Your height, for a start. If you are very tall, you will either have to buy an extra long bed, which will cost you more, or you will have to get one with a wooden foot-piece, which keeps the blankets tucked in. Your weight: a heavy person needs either more springs in the mattress, or the same number of a heavier gauge wire than a lighter person. To make this less of a problem for husbands and wives who want a double bed, but are very different weights, several firms have produced beds which can either be one double or two singles. The two mattresses can be bought according to individual needs, and clipped together.

If you are in any way allergic to the materials that make up the usual kind of mattress, buy a foam rubber one.

When you first get your new spring interior mattress, it should be turned once a month for the first few months so that it does not settle with a groove down the middle. After this, you don't need to turn it more than about once or twice a year.

Wool and hair mattresses should always be turned regularly, about once a week.

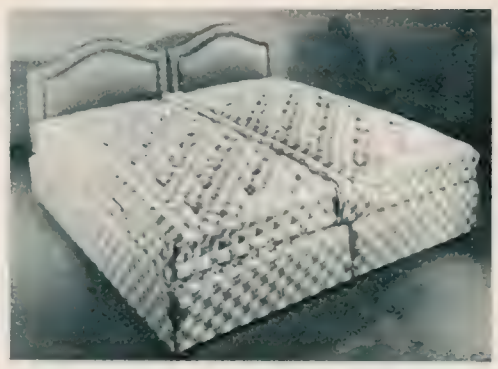
If you have a bed with a flexible edge, sitting on it will do less harm than on one with a firm edge, since the compression on the mattress springs will be partially absorbed by the springs in the base.

Folding or bending spring mattresses should be avoided. This may fracture the springs. When you turn them, get someone to help you.

Beds—double and single

This Gondola style divan has curved plastic sides for easy cleaning. The sprung mattress is covered with black and gold rep. The 4 ft. 6 in. size costs £33 7s. The ebonized headboard costs 4 gns. extra. This unusual divan is available from the houses of John & Wm. Perring and branches

Staples' Polka metal divan has a tubular steel frame, legs and curved metal head finished in stove enamel. The feet are adjustable. The wire mattress is a Zig-Zag spring type. The overlay mattress which is shaped to fit the divan is covered with a Polka dot ticking. With spring mattress, £19 15s.



Single or double—with this dual purpose divan. A padded panel, fitted with press studs, fastens the two mattresses together, avoiding a ridge between. Remove this and you have twin divans. Hard or soft mattresses in three sizes. The Jack Sprat divan is made by Heal & Son, London, W.1

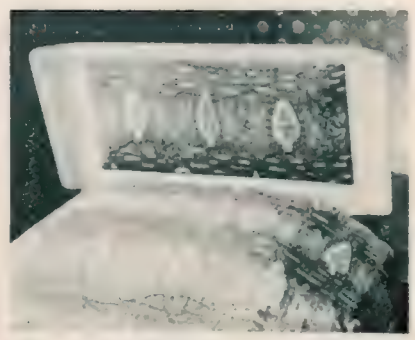
ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull : Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear

With matching bed-end in mahogany colour by Strongbow, the 4 ft. and 4 ft. 6 in. £12 18s. 6d.; the 3 ft. £9 17s. 6d. Wm. Bartlett & Son, Ltd.

Designed by Christopher Heal in oak, mahogany or walnut colour, the B2581 head-end costs £7 for the 3 ft., and £8 10s. for the 4 ft. 6 in.

The cost of tailoring a cover for the Decor headboard is inclusive. The price ranges from £2 12s. 6d. to £4 depending on the size. By Somnus



The Matchmaker headboard by Horatio Myer & Co. Ltd., can be covered to match the bedroom decor. Prices from £3 5s. to £4 15s.

Kay and the king

continued from page 14

puts up with a stupid, unimaginative lout like you at all. Just for the sake of the children, I suppose."

That was—as it was meant to be—too much. Arthur roared unintelligibly and swung his right fist, rushing to the attack. He was not very clear about what happened next. He kept finding himself on the floor. . . .

"Damn you," growled Arthur. "What is this, judo?"

"That's right," agreed George. "I don't know what to make of you, Questrel," said Arthur. "I'm damned if I do. I suppose I've behaved like a fool. But if only you weren't queer in the head. . . ."

"I know what you mean," said George. "Madness *does* frighten people. That's the whole beauty of it."

IT was at this moment that Kay came in through the door from the garden. And if she drew her own conclusions she said nothing. It was her brother-in-law who, after a moment's hesitation, revealed why he had come.

"You might as well know the truth. I came here to break up your romance."

"Don't be silly, Arthur. George and I are—what do they say?—just good friends."

"If you want any more of the same sort," said Arthur, "you can find a dozen in any mental institution."

"But you mustn't think George is off his rocker," Kay protested. "You couldn't possibly say that about George Allenwood, the very well-known archaeologist, the foremost authority on pre-Roman Britain."

"How did you know about that?" George demanded.

"I happened to see a letter lying on your desk when I was here the other day, George—and a girl's entitled to find out all she can about a man she happens to be just good friends with."

"I don't understand," said Arthur.

"Nor do I, really," Kay agreed. "But I think we've got King Percy where we want him now. He'll have to come clean. George, we're waiting."

"Very well," he said resignedly. "The story of my life!

"There are three things that shaped it. First: I had a very rich father—chain groceries. Second: I served in Korea, was mistakenly reported killed in action, and was some little while a prisoner of the Chinese. Third: I have a half-sister who is extremely beautiful and quite without scruples of any sort.

"From there we go into all sorts of melodrama, like a Victorian novelette; lost heirs, and stolen fortunes, and Heaven knows what.

"I came back from Korea a very poor thing, mentally and physically exhausted. There was some excuse—I'd been wounded, starved, and brain-washed. I felt I simply wanted rest. But in the meantime my father had died believing me dead and had left every last penny to sister Bet, who hadn't any intention of parting with a single farthing. Of this," said George, "I took a very dim view indeed."

"Naturally," said Kay. "Go on."

"As a result," George told them, "I did some very shameful things. All I wanted was enough of my father's money to be able to live on while I recovered myself; enough to go away and rest somewhere in the country and take up the lovely escapist detective work of archaeology.

"My opportunity came soon after I'd returned to England," George continued. "All my sister's energies and ambitions were selfish and social, and now it appeared that her charm and her cheque-book between them would bring her the thing she most desired. A title. She would marry into one of the oldest families in Debrett.

"Not that it was easy for her. There were stern old dowagers and last-ditch aristocrats in the family who fought bitterly against a match with a grocer's daughter who didn't even have a family crest and couldn't tell you who her great-grandfather was. Any small thing might have turned the balance, any suggestion of insanity in her family would certainly have done so."

"I begin to see," mused Kay.

GEORGE said: "I went mad with the very greatest care. I had the professional help of a couple of psychiatrist friends of mine.

"My delusion of royal descent was a large part of my insanity: Sister Bet couldn't really be sure that I wouldn't make a scene at the Trooping the Colour, or parade outside Windsor Castle with sandwich boards. Anything like that would have finished her chances for good.

"What could the poor girl do? She had to buy me off. My medical friends advised that I would probably give no real trouble if I were comfortably settled in some remote country spot, which was, of course, exactly what I was after. So I came down here and I kept up the pretence of being King Percy just to protect my income, while I wanted it, and it became a sort of joke locally among my particular friends. And I could devote myself to archaeology to my heart's content. So much so that today I find a competence even in that unlikely field. And what a fascinating pursuit it is! One can still make discoveries on one's doorstep.

"This afternoon, for example, when the sun was very low, I thought I saw crop-marks—the indication of buried masonry—at Starvacre Green. They are things you really see best from an aeroplane but, as I didn't happen to have one handy, I climbed a tree.

"From up there I could see the ground-plan of what looked like several buildings—probably the old Saxon palace that used to stand somewhere near Great Roxam according to the chronicles. That's what I saw from my tree—a wonderful sight."

"You saw me, too," said Kay.

"And you were an even more wonderful sight," George said. "Kay, if you shut your eyes and tried hard. . . ."

"I'll take a chance and say yes," she told him.

"In that case," he said, "we are formally engaged."

"Three for the price of one," Kay remarked. "That well-known local spin bowler George Questrel; the eminent prehistorian George Allenwood; and his imperial majesty Percy the Third. What more could a girl ask?"

"Only privacy, I suppose," said George. "Scottswood, old boy, I wonder if you'd mind running back home and bringing Jane back so that we can throw a jolly little betrothal party? Just the four of us?"

"Eh?" said Arthur, coming out of a deep meditation. "Why, of course!—Is that ministerial position still open?"

They shook hands on it. THE END

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English justice is a model for the rest of the world—but

WE NEED A PEOPLE'S DEFENDER

says C. H. ROLPH

in next week's JOHN BULL : Everybody's Weekly

Choosing bedding

by ROGER SMITHELLS

NEW fibres, new colours and new shapes make the contents of today's linen cupboard very different from a few years ago. Choosing sheets, blankets and pillows today is no easy task: they all look so pretty. Before you decide you should know the special advantages of each kind.

Size. You should also measure your bed carefully before shopping for bedding. Beds vary in size, and so do sheets. You should buy sheets which are the length of the mattress plus a 15-in. tuck-in at top and bottom. Both sheets and blankets allow 15-in. tuck-in at each side, plus an extra 6 in. for a single bed and 9 in. for a double bed for comfort. Blankets should allow 15 in. tuck-in at the bottom, about 6 in. for the thickness of the pillow. Very tall or broad people should allow extra. Pillowcases should not be tight: they should measure 2 in. more than the pillow both ways.

Sheets. Fitted top and bottom sheets are now available in cotton. These fit tightly over the mattress and underblanket, and do not wrinkle up into uncomfortable rolls while you are asleep. They are pleasant to sleep on. Except when you change the sheets, they need not be moved. Linresta sheets, made by Jacobs Linens, Ltd.

Sheets with a graduated weave are specially constructed to have a closer weave in the centre, where there is most wear. A practical idea, this will prolong the sheet's life considerably. These carry a ten-year guarantee. "Graduation" sheets, made by Haworth.

Ladder-proof nylon

Nylon sheets are a fairly new development. They are made of a ladder-proof knitted fabric. Undersheets are fitted, and top sheets can have the bottom end shaped to fit, or be plain. The slight, stretchiness of the weave allows plenty of room for your feet. These sheets are more expensive than cotton ones, but you need fewer of them, and can save on laundry bills, as they are simple to wash and dry at home. Prices vary with size and style. Ariel sheets, made by Fogarty's.

Many plain coloured sheets are available, also candy-striped designs in cotton and nylon. There are also white sheets with coloured and patterned borders to team with white undersheets, and trimmed pillowcases. These are the best choice if you want to have pretty beds without too much outlay. You can also trim your own sheets and pillowcases, to achieve the same effect, with a broad band of gingham or ready-made curtain border along the top edge.

Blankets. New blankets are being made of man-made fibres. Terylene cellular blankets made by Celairic, Ltd., are as warm as wool and wash easily without shrinking. Like woollen cellular blankets, these are warm but light in weight. Courtelle (Courtaulds) and Acrilan (Chemstrand) are being used to make light fluffy blankets of the normal kind. These can also be washed easily.

The latest idea, imported from the Continent, is to do without blankets altogether, and substitute a huge fluffy down quilt. The warmth of your body puffs up the quilt, thereby increasing its thickness. Although you would expect it to slip off the bed, it does not in fact, but allows you great freedom of movement. Its great virtue is its lightness—whereas English bedding may weigh 18 lb. or more, this bed cover weighs only 3½ lb. Surprisingly, it is equally comfortable in summer or winter. The Puffin Downlette is made by Arthur R. Davis and Co., Ltd.

Pillows. Nothing really equals the comfort of a good down pillow, but for people who are allergic to feathers Terylene pillows are a welcome innovation. Stuffed and covered with Terylene, they feel firmer than a down pillow, but lack its resilience. Swan Terylene, by Fogarty's, price 49s. 6d. each.

When buying pillows, you can test their quality by balancing them on one hand. A good pillow retains its shape: a bad one sags on either side. It always pays to buy a good pillow.

Jacobs Linens, Ltd., 233 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

Haworth's Fabrics, Ltd., 31 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1.

E. Fogarty's Co., Ltd., Boston, Lincs.

Celairic, Ltd., Whitley Willows Mill, Lepton, near Huddersfield, Yorks.

Courtaulds, Ltd., 16 St. Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

Chemstrand, Ltd., 8 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

Arthur R. Davis and Co., Ltd., Grafton Road, Croydon, Surrey.

Light, fluffy and comfortable, the Puffin Downlette can be used on its own, without a blanket. In a plain cover, the 3 ft. 6 in. size (for a 3 ft. single bed) costs £10 19s. 6d.

Get your wash really clean and white in the surging, lively boil of a

Burco

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YOU KNOW yourself that boiling is the only way to get things really clean, really germ-free, really white. Hankies, towels, nappies, sheets, pillow-cases and overalls *must* be boiled. And what's more, you get best results from detergents when you use them at the boil. For the cleanest, freshest wash of all you need the *real*, surging boil of a Burco.

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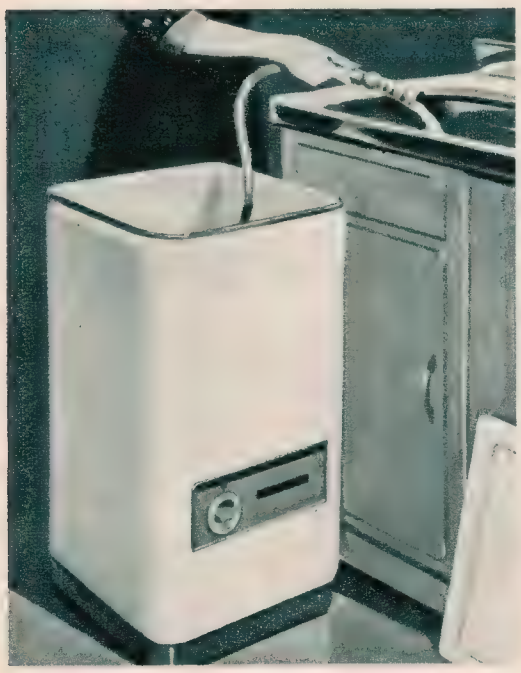
£12.12.0. (NO P.T.)

THE BURCO 305



The Burco 305 automatically pump-empties. It fills straight from your tap. The 305 boils a full family wash quickly or gently as you want it. One master switch controls heater and pump. Fitted with castors for easy moving. White/Brixham blue or cream/Brixham blue with matching top cover. **£18.3.6** (No P.T.)

The New Baby Burco for the small wash that *must* be boiled. This new model boils 10 minutes faster. It takes 4 lbs. of clothes—½ lb. more than before. Yet it weighs only 10¼ lbs. Its controlled heat gives a fast or gentle boil. White/Brixham blue or cream/Brixham blue. **£7.9.6** (No P.T.).

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The wildest game

continued from page 17

and no medical certificate. I took a taxi to the government building where the exit permits were issued but it was closed for the day (it was now after five o'clock and the ship sailed at ten). Some of the clerks were still about and I bribed one to give me the home address of the passport official. I went there and he good-naturedly returned to the office and gave me the export permit.

Now I had to find the doctor for the medical certificate. Time was ticking away and I was half mad with anxiety. Finally I found the doctor in one of the remote sections of the city, but he was eating dinner and wouldn't be disturbed. I waited until nine o'clock when he finally finished and consented to sign my papers.

I ran to the docks with Subrati behind me. All the cages had been loaded on to a flat for floating out to the Betty Ryan, which was anchored in the bay, but not one of the elephants!

"Sahib, we cannot get them on the flat!" wailed Subrati. "We have tried everything."

"We must," I told him. "Put Gertrude on last, or she'll disturb the others. Get eight men to an elephant and carry them on board."

Squealing babies

The little fellows were incredibly strong and put up a terrible fight, squealing and kicking, but I had become utterly reckless. We dragged, carried and manhandled the elephants on to the flat and pushed off, headed for the Betty Ryan.

We were almost to her when Subrati shouted: "She leaves, sahib, she leaves!"

He was right. The steamer had weighed anchor and got up steam. We had missed her by less than five minutes.

I shouted and waved and Subrati danced like a madman but it was too late. A party had been given on board her for the Argentinian colony in Madras, and men and women in evening clothes were preparing to leave her in shore boats. They stopped to stare at a raft full of elephants with two lunatics screaming and gesticulating.

"What's the matter?" shouted a man. He was in a tropical dinner jacket and had a beautifully gowned lady on his arm.

I made a megaphone of my hands and explained as well as I could. Everyone howled with delight.

"We can't leave the poor man out here with a Noah's Ark of animals!" called one of the women. "Let's help him get them aboard!"

The captain shouted distractedly from the bridge: "Señora, we are already past our sailing hour. It will take hours to load these animals. We cannot spare the time."

"Nonsense, Captain," called her escort. "You can't leave with us still on board and we won't get off. Come on, everyone! Let's help the poor fellow."

In spite of the captain's almost tearful pleadings, the guests uproariously set to work throwing lines over the sides and trying to swing the booms into position. At last the poor man gave up and ordered the grinning sailors to hoist my cages aboard. The guests, who had dined very well indeed, lent a hand.

Slings had to be rigged for the elephants and they all came aboard nicely except for Gertrude. As soon as she landed on the deck and was released from her sling, she broke away and charged around like a miniature bull.

When the Betty Ryan reached Colombo, I was able to leave the ship because Behrend's local agent provided two mahouts who would accompany the animals to Buenos Aires.

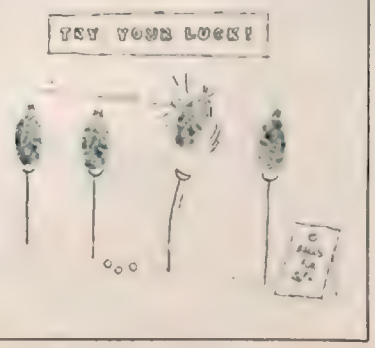
I had to leave Ali on the ship. I couldn't take the pup with me on my travels and Ali had become the pet of the crew. Ali was having such a good time that he hardly noticed me when I said goodbye to him. He is still the mascot of the Betty Ryan and probably the best-loved and best-fed pariah dog in the world.

I went to Singapore to catch more animals, and it was there I heard that the fabulous Behrend, my partner, had died. One way and another, our partnership had been an expensive one for me. I had invested my entire savings, 40,000 Swiss francs, in the business and never saw a sou of it.

Now I was just about destitute. My one ambition was to get away from Singapore. I went to Bali and became a beachcomber. There I met a remarkable character, Theo Meier, an artist who was the only perfectly happy man I have ever met. He had come to Bali years before, fallen in love with it, married a beautiful girl who had been one of his models, and settled down.

On Theo's advice I decided to earn a living by reopening a disused aquarium as a tourist attraction. The tanks needed rebuilding. But when I returned

THUMBTHING by Stowell



to Singapore for this purpose, I found more to interest me than glass. . . .

Working as a clerk in the airline ticket booth at my hotel was the most exquisitely lovely girl I'd seen. She was a Eurasian, exotic but with a touch-me-not attitude towards the crowd that surrounded the booth the instant she stepped into it.

It took quite a while to persuade her to have dinner with me. She told me her name was Mercia. Our meal lasted all night; a few days later we decided to get married. I didn't care about her being a Eurasian. In fact, it gave her additional glamour.

By this time, Subrati had joined me to help with animal catching, in which my interest had now revived. There weren't enough animals in Singapore to make collecting profitable and it soon became obvious that we'd have to move to better territory.

With the help of a £300 cheque from Bristol Zoo which suddenly arrived in payment for a jaguar I'd sold them three months before, we went into partnership with a Swede and a Swiss in Suratthani, Siam.

There were plenty of king cobras around and we spent days catching them. They are very aggressive creatures and will charge a man at astonishing speed. Luckily, they generally rear up before striking which gives you a chance to jump out of their way.

None of us three men cared much about money so Mercia kept the accounts, doling out to us whatever sums she considered necessary for liquor and tobacco. As a business manager, Mercia was wonderful, and I was happy to find that she was remarkably good with baby animals, too. Only a woman can be really successful in raising baby animals. A collector has too many other things to do. The babies require constant care and, what is equally important, affection. Without love, they pine away and die.

Even after several months of married life, Mercia remained a mystery to me. She would go into violent fits of rage over some unimportant detail and then accept a real annoyance without protest. On one matter she was an absolute fanatic: clothes. I'd always travelled with only three suitcases but with Mercia's luggage we had forty-six pieces.

At the end of six months' hard work, mixed with some real dangers and plenty of disappointments, we had collected about $75,000 worth of animals. Subtracting expenses, shipping charges, permits, etc., each of us was expecting to realize a profit of about $10,000 . . . no fabulous sum but we were all content.

Late one afternoon, a telegram arrived from my old friend Theo Meier. He was in Bangkok, passing through on his way from Europe to Bali, and he wanted me to have a drink with him.

I arrived in Bangkok by train somewhat dirty and tired at noon the next day. I was still wearing my jungle clothes, sandals and a stained pair of old khaki drills, having had no time to change. Theo, a short, dark man, was wearing sandals and a brilliant Balinese blouse of his own design.

"Peter, my old friend!" he shouted in a voice that could be heard half-way to the Floating Market.

He introduced me to Prince Piya, who invited us both to dinner at his father's palace. We had dinner in the great dining hall. Each of us had three of the liveried servants standing behind his chair and a little lamp by his plate as the lights in the room were purposely kept dim. The Prince's father was a very old man, dressed in Western clothes. He was also the King's uncle and regent.

Dinner was finished and we sat back

FORGETTING—1

Forget the hours of your distress, but never forget what they taught you.

Gessner

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"NICE TRIM CRAFT, THAT," he said. And for once he wasn't talking ships. The Austin A55 Cambridge Mk II always attracts attention — and not just for its sleek Farina lines either. It is the most practical of cars, as a glance at the facts will show. **MORE ROOM:** four sizable people can relax in the A55 — the big family car in the medium price range. **STORE ROOM:** the huge 19 cu. ft boot with counterbalanced lid is flat-floored and uncluttered. **CONTROL ROOM:** unobstructed view all round — 22 sq. ft of safety glass. Choose steering column or centre mounted gear change. **ENGINE ROOM:** lively BMC 1½ litre, 4-cylinder engine. 4-speed gearbox. Top speed in the upper 70s. 39 mpg at a steady 40 mph. **PRICE:** from **£565** plus £236.10.10 purchase tax. Long easy terms available. **EUROPEAN TOURING SERVICE.** Ask your dealer about BMC Service Vouchers. Bought in Britain with sterling, they are valid throughout Europe.

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The wildest game

continued from previous page

to enjoy our cognac and Havana cigars. The regent reached for his cognac glass and said casually to me, "Oh, by the way, I just signed a bill that will affect you. All shipments of wild animals from Siam are forbidden." Then he continued his talk with Theo as though he had asked me if I was enjoying my cigar.

I sat stunned. Six months' work had gone into my animal trapping. I'd spent my last ticals (the Siamese currency) in having the shipping cages made; the animals were to go out in two weeks. Mercia and I didn't have more than a few Swiss francs between us. We couldn't even pay our passage out of the country.

Theo took me to the train. The next morning I was in the grip of a depression so terrible it was like madness. I felt I could not face Mercia or my partners with the news. Obviously, the partnership with the Swede and the Swiss was at an end.

Mercia met me at the gate of our compound. In the graceful sarong that showed her figure to advantage, she looked as though she had just stepped off a South Sea set in a Hollywood studio. But for the first time, my heart did not jump at the sight of her. Instead, I tried to think what I would have naturally said. I called: "How are the animals? Oh yes, and how are you?"

I was never able to fool Mercia for an instant. She said at once: "What has happened? Tell me the worst."

I told her. If there is too much

FORGETTING—2

Forgetting a wrong is a mild revenge.

Proverb

seasoning in a dish or a train is five minutes late, Mercia goes into fits of hysterical temper that are terrifying to watch, but in a crisis she is always calm. She stood there with her hands folded in front of her like a child, her delicately carved face expressionless. She was looking towards the jungle trail that led to the west where we had expected to ship the animals, but her eyes did not focus. She said slowly: "Then there is no help for it. We must get the rhinos."

Three months before, I had received a cable from Dr. Heini Hediger, director of the Basle Zoo in Switzerland, which read simply: "Ship rhinos at once." Puzzled, I had cabled back that I was not in Africa. I got a longer cable in reply. Lothar Behrend, my former partner, had known I was in the Far East and cabled Dr. Hediger asking if he wanted Indian rhinos. Of course, Dr. Hediger did—so did every other zoo director in the world. Behrend had simply taken for granted that I could get them. He might as well have taken for granted that I could get a pair of Abominable Snowmen.

There are only about 350 Indian rhinos left, which makes them one of the world's rarest animals.

However, after getting Dr. Hediger's second cable, I began to think a bit. A couple of years before, I'd been having drinks with an English tea planter in the bar of the old Spence Hotel in Calcutta. I'd told the man that I was in the animal business and he at once assumed a knowing look. "I'll wager you'd like to get your hands on an Indian rhino," he said, grinning.

I grinned, too. "I certainly would."

The tea planter hiccuped and placed his finger alongside his nose. "Tell you what—write to Pat Stracey. Got the name? Pat Stracey. That bloke can get you anything. Senior conservation officer of forests at Assam."

Desperate cables

I took down Stracey's name and address on a slip of paper torn from an envelope I had in my pocket. Then I forgot about the incident. I didn't think about it again till I got Dr. Hediger's cable. I still had the scrap of paper, so I wrote to Pat Stracey.

When his reply came, Mercia snatched the envelope out of my hand and ripped it open. She glanced through it eagerly. Then she screamed: "He's giving you two permits—to get a pair! That's about eighty thousand francs! We're saved!" and she began to cry quietly.

I read the letter in a daze. I'd have to go to Assam and catch the rhinos myself.

After desperate cables, Dr. Hediger finally advanced us 30,000 francs—about $7,000. For that, we could fly to Assam and get at least one rhino.

We left for Bangkok to get the plane. We had disposed of all our animals except one, a huge red-faced monkey the size of a small child and far more powerful than a man. He was the roughest, meanest monkey I've ever seen, and he hated Mercia.

No one would accept this monkey even as a gift so we had to turn him loose. He was always breaking out of his cage anyway and we took for granted he'd run off into the jungle. Instead, out of sheer contrariness, he refused to leave us. Finally Mercia left a pile of durian on the bank of the river and while he was eating it, we and Subrati jumped into a sampan and the boatman shoved off.

When old red-face saw we were leaving him, he went into a perfect spasm of fury, turning somersaults with rage and dancing up and down on the bank. Mercia screamed at him: "Now you can go and gather your own durian! And I hope a python gets you!"

We crossed the river with Mercia screaming at the monkey and the monkey screaming back at her.

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NEXT WEEK: We hunt for rhinos – and start a riot

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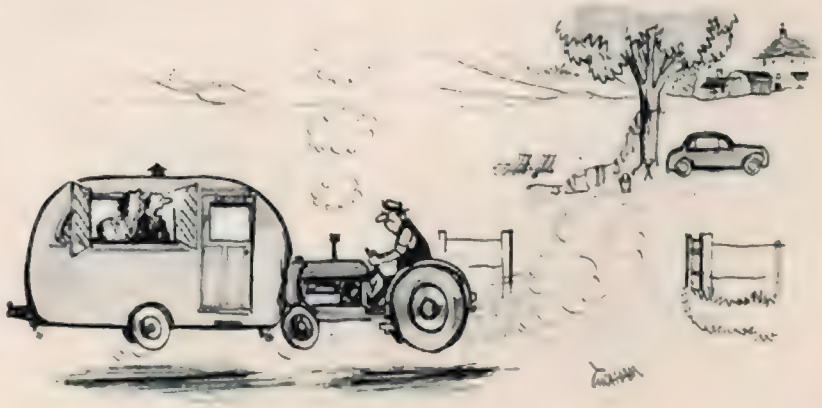

"I gather we've outstayed our welcome"

Maria Callas

continued from page 11

prima donna, Renata Tebaldi. While the inoffensive Madame Tebaldi diplomatically stayed away from Callas's performances, Maria sat in a prominent box at Tebaldi's and cheered. Tebaldi's appearances became less and less frequent.

A few years later, when Madame Callas was singing during the same season as Tebaldi with the Metropolitan Opera, she declared that an assessment of their respective merits would be like comparing champagne with Coca-cola. Nobody bothered to ask who was the champagne.

Whatever the immediate cause of Madame Callas's successive outbursts of temperament, there seems little doubt that they are linked with the frustrations and unhappiness of her earlier years.

Of her childhood she says: "I was an ugly duckling—fat and clumsy and unpopular." She sang in school as a child and saved money to buy opera librettos. Her mother pushed her through the fringes of a singing career. When she was fourteen her parents, who had emigrated to the United States from Greece, paid a visit to Athens, and were obliged to remain there until the end of the war.

She studied music at the National Conservatory in Athens, and in 1942 was invited to take over the rôle of Tosca by the Athens National Opera at twenty-four hours' notice. At this time she was a portly fifteen stone—when she returned to America with her family after the war and was offered the rôle of Madame Butterfly by the Metropolitan Opera, she declined on the grounds that she was too hefty.

Unsuccessful as a singer in America, she went to Italy and was turned down at an audition for La Scala. But in 1949 she married a millionaire, Giovanni Meneghini,. who was more than twice her age. Meneghini sold out his building materials business for an estimated £3 million and eagerly turned his attention to Maria's career, as her manager and agent. He engaged the veteran conductor, Tullio Serafin, to coach her, and she began working twelve hours a day on her voice.

After a triumphant début in Turin, Madame Callas rapidly became the new operatic sensation of Italy, and began to achieve an international reputation, both for technique and temperament.

After she began to receive world acclaim, Madame Callas reduced her weight by five stone.

Flamboyant in appearance, with dyed copper hair and flashing black eyes—she is, in fact, very short-sighted—Maria Callas seems likely to go on packing any opera house where she is still permitted to appear. The fact that these are growing steadily fewer hardly seems to worry her.

Her performances are as brilliantly exciting as ever, and her capacity for solo curtain calls remains undiminished.

Only once — at La Scala — was Madame Callas obliged to retire before she had received the full homage of the house. As she was taking her calls, long after the performance was over, the great iron fire curtain suddenly came down and a fireman climbed briskly on to the stage, shouting: "By order of the management, the stage must be cleared!"

THE END

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MARTINI

Sweet or Dry

Two small feet

continued from page 8

the little girl suddenly cried out: "There! There it is!" and pulled Yolande off the kerb.

The street was a hill, and down the hill towards them rolled a float. Not part of the Mardi Gras parade. Just a single float, a big one, covered with shimmering white cloth to resemble a cloud. On the cloud stood a ten-foot angel with outspread golden wings. The float seemed to be coming fast. Yolande said, "Wait, Marguerite," but the child in the pink dress tugged her across the street towards the car.

There was a woman in the car. She, too, saw the float. She screamed. At the same time a man came striding around a corner a little distance away, saw the children and shouted hoarsely. "Marguerite! Look out!"

That was a mistake. Hearing the man's voice, Marguerite stopped. The hurtling cloud with its teetering ten-foot angel was almost upon her.

Yolande tried to pull her companion back to the kerb they had come from, but the child, too, was frozen with fear.

Yolande seized her and lifted her and tried to run; did run a few stumbling steps. It was almost enough. The lorry roared past, missing them. But a wing of the ten-foot angel struck Yolande and knocked them down.

Marguerite scrambled to her feet unharmed and sped to the car. Yolande lay there unmoving. The lorry went careering on down the hill to crash into a lamp-post and overturn.

People came running—not to the peasant girl lying motionless in the street, but to the more spectacular accident below. It was the man who picked Yolande up. He looked into her face and carried her to the car.

"This one is hurt," he said. "Take her. I'll drive to Doctor Domond's."

The woman nodded. She put down her own little girl on the back seat and took Yolande in her arms. The man drove. When he stopped, he carried Yolande into a house and watched while the doctor examined her.

The doctor said: "She will be all right, I think, Henri. I find nothing broken. Take her home, eh? Tell me where she lives and I'll call to look at her tomorrow."

"I don't know where she lives, Paul. I don't even know her name. All I know is that she saved my little girl's life just now."

YOLANDE opened her eyes and, when questioned, told them who she was. "I must find my father," she said. "Perhaps you know where he lives?" She told them her father's name and all that she knew about him, and how she had walked to the capital from Aquin to find him.

The two men looked at each other. "It will be hard to find him today, little one," Henri Maxime said gently. "I think I will take you home with me, and we'll look for Armand Saint Juste tomorrow, eh?"

"But you do know him, don't you? Yolande asked anxiously.

Henry Maxime smiled and kissed her. "I will answer every one of your questions later, little one, after you've had something to eat and a good long sleep."

He took her to the kind of house she knew her father must live in: a big, handsome house set in the midst of a garden filled with flowers.

She was still asleep when Henri left the house in the morning. He drove his car down-town to the Centre d'Art.

The man in charge of the centre said with a frown: "Saint Juste? Armand Saint Juste? An artist, m'sieu?"

"I thought so," Henri said with a sigh, and drove to the Collège St. Martial, where he spoke to a priest he knew well. "It shouldn't be difficult, should it, Father?" he said. "You can telephone the curé in Aquin? He'll know?"

"I am sure he will, Henri. I'll ring you as soon as I have the information."

The priest did not ring; he came. In his white robe he settled himself on a chair in the Maxime living-room. He put the tips of his long fingers together and frowned at them with a small shake of his head, while Henri Maxime and his young wife waited anxiously.

He began: "It is a strange story. As you suspected, the child has no father. The mother simply invented one. Yet the mother was a fine young woman, the curé in Aquin tells me. A most unusual woman. Which explains, perhaps, why she invented a father who was an artist, a lover of beauty, instead of, say, a politician. And which also explains, perhaps, why Yolande is the kind of child she is. She is very much loved, that youngster, by everyone who knows her." He looked up. "The whole town has been frantically searching for her since she disappeared."

Henri Maxime frowned. "This is awkward, Father."

"Yes. And very sad."

"There will have to be an Armand Saint Juste. I see no other solution." Henri glanced at his wife.

His wife nodded. "Yolande is upstairs with Marguerite. I'll get her." She stood up, then hesitated and

FORGETTING—3

Blessed are the forgetful; for they get the better even of their blunders.

Nietzsche

turned to the priest. "The child would have left us when she awoke, Father. I kept her here only by telling her that Marguerite was still frightened and needed her. She will never stop looking for her father unless. . . ."

"The endless search for truth," the priest said. "For beauty. For love." He shook his head in sadness, but managed a smile. "From what the curé tells me, this one gives more of all three than she can ever hope to find."

The woman went upstairs. She came down with Yolande at her side, clinging to her hand. The child looked from Henri Maxime to the priest, waiting. Henri leaned forward on his chair.

"I have something to tell you, Yolande. Something I hadn't the courage to tell you yesterday, when you were hurt. Your father is dead."

Yolande returned his gaze without blinking. Only her mouth trembled.

"He died not long ago, here in the capital," Henri said. "I knew him well. He was, as you say, a great artist, a great man. He was also my best friend. When he died he asked me to take his place, if ever you needed me. He asked *me* to be your father. I said I would if you would let me."

The child turned to look at Henri Maxime's wife, who smiled at her through a mist of tears. She turned to the priest, who nodded. She looked at Henri again.

"You would live here," Henri said, "and Marguerite would be your sister. We have always wanted a sister for Marguerite. You would make us very happy, Yolande."

"*I* would make *you* happy?"

"Yes. *You* would make *us* happy."

"Then I will stay with you," Yolande said, nodding. "Thank you very much."

THE END

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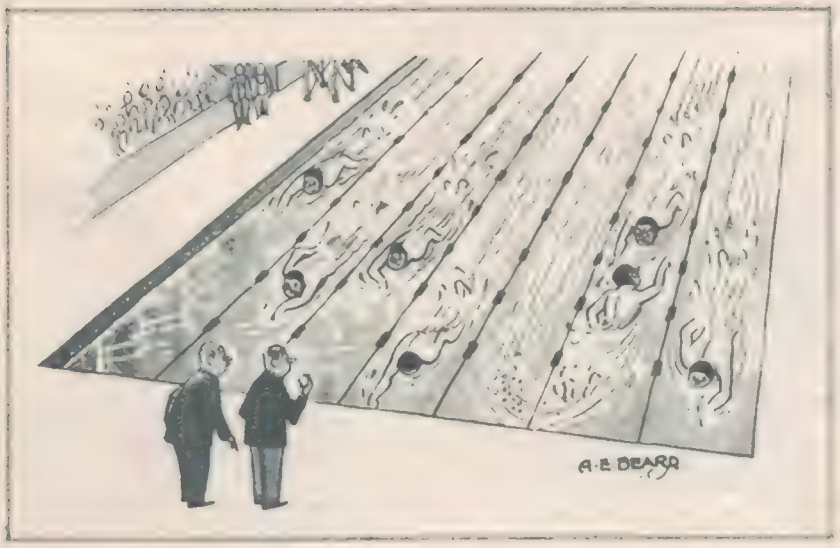
NEXT WEEK | **A MAN MUST FIGHT**
STICK IN THE MUD



The night of Wenceslas

continued from page 22

looked long and hideously straight. My footsteps rang back from the high walls at both sides. I stopped and wrenched my shoes off and hared on in my socks.

After a minute or two I was winded, stomach hurting like hell, and had to slow down to a trot, breathing heavily. Suddenly I heard a single enraged shout at the other end of the street and took off again like a rocket. Almost immediately, I fell over. The pavement had ended. I was sprawling on cobbles.

There was a light somewhere, a tiny glimmer. I scrambled up, realizing I'd found my alley. I went up the alley slowly, puzzled by the light, and suddenly realized I was in a roofed place. After a few paces I saw what the light was. A statue. A madonna, with a little oil lamp over her head. A cobbled, medieval courtyard; there might be an alley running off at the other side.

The courtyard was a rectangle, railings: basements; everything in darkness. The backs of business premises, I thought.

I edged along by the wall and found an opening at the next corner, a cobbled path not a yard wide. A car went by in the street, and men running. I was in no position to choose. I went swiftly into the opening, feeling my way in pitch blackness.

From all round now there seemed to be a fair amount of activity. Car doors banging, men shouting. I'd lost all sense of direction. I began to run.

Immediately I tripped, stumbled, went floundering down a flight of steps, and crashed against a dustbin. A light came on from an upstairs room in front of me. I was outside a gate, railings at both sides. A dead end.

A woman's voice called. "Franti?"

I couldn't somehow move, stiff from my fall and hypnotized by the light. There was a group of buildings beyond the gate. The woman said: "Frantisek? See you put the bicycle away tonight. It will rain again."

I COULDN'T understand the layout of the buildings. Not houses. Not warehouse. A large formal structure, many windowed, a gothic arch. The light went out. A school, perhaps, I thought.

The caretaker's lodge. I pushed open the gate and went into the wide quadrangle. I stumbled along by the wall for several minutes and then came across an unexpected godsend, a builder's ladder. I planted it firmly against the wall and climbed up. It was not so dark now. The clouds were breaking up.

At the other side of the wall there was a collection of lorries and handcarts; a big building with hangar doors; a warehouse of some kind.

There was a handcart directly below at the other side of the wall. I pulled myself on the wall, dropped my shoes on the handcart and went cautiously after them.

I could see a crack of light between the hangar doors.

They had been left open an inch or so and the light was coming from big plate glass windows at the other end, faint yellow lighting from street lamps on the main road. I went slowly in, and stood just inside, sizing it up.

FURNITURE. Chairs, dressing tables, beds, standard lamps. Towards the window the stuff was laid out in suites. I moved in the shadow of a line of wardrobes and went slowly up to the windows. As I got there the moon came out. A silvery luminescence swam over the street like a filmy curtain going up at a theatre. There was somebody out there. It needed one look to see who.

Silent and alone in the moonlit street he bestrode his great horse, sword raised, iron eyes staring sightlessly along his broad imperial way. Like some homing pigeon I had come back to him again. Like some demented rat I had run back into my trap. Like a bloody fool I sat down and wept.

I must have been about twelve when I wept last. I didn't know why I was weeping now. I sat on a chair and felt the tears streaming uncontrollably down my face, and thought what a right Charlie I had been.

I snapped out of it presently and, edging back into the shadow, sat down on something more comfortable to take stock of the situation. Obviously I'd come round in a half circle.

I thought I would get out early when the first trams started, join the streaming workers in the streets. They would be unlikely to carry out further checks in the Vaclavske Namesti.

The blissful, spreading comfort of the settee was overpowering. My eyes closed and I dozed off for what seemed no more than five minutes.

But next time I opened my eyes it was broad daylight, a tram was dingdonging by, and a man was looking down at me. He was holding the piece of piping that I had taken from my pocket and he said: "Don't move. Stay where you are, or I'll brain you."

He was an elderly man, wearing an alpaca jacket and carpet slippers. "How did you get in here?" he said.

I licked my lips. I said: "The door was open."

"It was locked. I locked it myself last thing at night. You must have forced it."

The alpaca jacket and carpet slippers registered then. He was the caretaker. Not a very careful caretaker. I said: "It was open, comrade. Just a crack. Maybe you locked it later. I hope it won't get you into trouble, comrade."

He had taken this latter point, of

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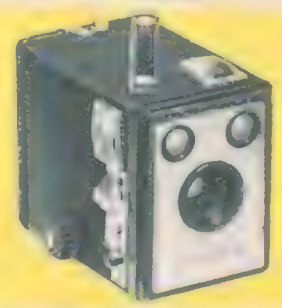

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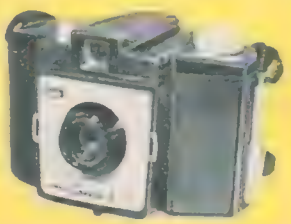

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The night of Wenceslas

continued from previous page

course, long before it had occurred to me. "How did you get into the yard?"

"I came over the wall. I was out drinking with a fellow—Frantisek something. He said he would put me up, but his wife kicked us both out. He told me you would fix me up."

This inspired lie, delivered in whining and wheedling tones, seemed to register with the caretaker. "I should hand you over to the police," he said without much conviction. "You ought to have come and seen me first."

"I tried to, comrade. I looked all round for you, but it was dark."

He grunted and looked me over, not unfriendly. "That Frantisek—he takes too many liberties. You're just up for the parade, I suppose?"

"The parade, that's it entirely, the parade," I said eagerly.

"And what about this? What did you mean to do with this?" he said, raising the lead piping.

"That. Well, that, now," I said, thinking rapidly. "I took it off a fellow. There was this big brute came at Frantisek when he'd had a few too many. That's how we came together. Ah, you don't get that where I come from," I said.

He said, rather uncertainly: "Well, no harm done, I suppose. Whereabouts are you from, comrade?"

"Round Brno way. You wouldn't know it. Just a little village."

The caretaker scratched his head. He watched me stretching myself. He said: "Where's your national costume, then?"

I said, "National costume," and licked my lips. "Don't talk to me about national costume. 'You can have one, Juri, they said to me, if you join the Party. So I told them what they could do with their national costume."

The caretaker took my arm warmly. "Well, now countryman," he said, dropping the "comrade" and smiling indulgently. "I dare say I can fix you up. Just follow me."

He gave me an excellent breakfast in his small and shipshape flat above the warehouse, which I repaid with a detailed fantasy of life in a small village.

The caretaker's steadfast Slav eyes hung on my words. He said at length regretfully: "Well, countryman, time to be off. It's getting on for nine."

"Ah, yes, indeed," I said. "Time for the parade, eh?" I thanked him warmly and he let me out.

I COULD see no checks being made in the streets. With rising spirits I crossed the Charles bridge and made my way to the Malostranske. The British Embassy, its Union Jack fluttering limply in the morning breeze, lay in a cul-de-sac off the square—the Thunovska. And four men—two on each corner—stood by its entrance. Even at a distance they had the characteristic pie-faced look of the S.N.B.

Suddenly and sharply aware that I was wearing the cap and jacket of Vaclav Borsky, I turned and retraced my steps. Borsky's clothes, on this day of high festival, were an all too obvious solecism. Everyone in the street was got up in his best. Once the parade started I would be jammed stationary in the crowd, an easy mark in my cap and plastic jacket for roving eyes.

It was now a quarter past ten and the parade was due to start shortly. It was plain that I must stay with the crowds, just as plain that I should not be trapped immovably in the Vaclavske Namesti. There were two or three automats down the street, only one, the largest, open. I hovered near it. There was bound to be a rush for food after the parade. I thought I'd better be among the first. . . .

FORTY-FIVE minutes later the first contingents came marching round from the Vaclavske Namesti. There were a hundred thousand marchers, peasants in costume, hearty girls in gym slips, factory workers in overalls.

There was an appalling row going on, the street roaring and baying rhythmically as the river of marchers flowed on; garlands flying through the air, flags waving. A large float came trundling down presently, decked with flowers and paper doves. The parade seemed to be nearing its end. The assistants went back into the automat. I took my station outside, stepping from one aching foot to the other and watching for the first sign of a movement of customers. When it came, I was in like a trivet.

FORGETTING—4

The absent-minded man is often the man who is making the best of life and therefore has no time to remember the mediocre.

Robert Lynd

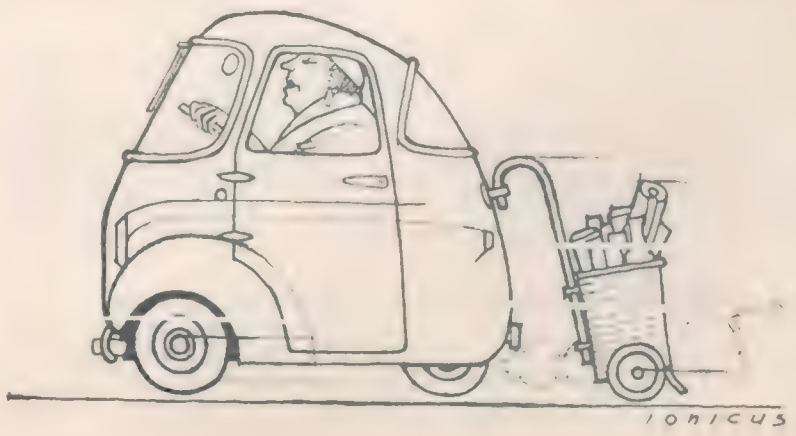
I took my seat with a gasp of relief. It was painfully obvious I wouldn't be able to stay on my feet all day. I had a cup of coffee and a sandwich, and over it was smitten by inspiration. My eyes had been attracted to a poster on the wall. Below a picture of a serious looking man in a bathing cap was the legend *Swimming Is Healthy*.

I was amazed I hadn't thought of the bathing station before. With one stretched-out body looking like another, it was the ideal place to stay anonymous. There would also be a large variety of unattached clothing. . . .

I finished my coffee and left.

It was twenty past one, the white and glaring deadspot of the afternoon.

But despite the emptiness of the streets, there was the usual queue for the tram. I elbowed my way on to a number twenty-one and stood all the way, emerging so dazed and weak at the other end that I had stumbled almost to



IONICUS

the entrance of the bathing station before I pulled myself together a bit.

I took my place in the queue of people from the tram, went through the clicking turnstile and over to the changing huts. I hired a pair of drawers and a towel, was given a basket by the old crone in charge, and went off to one of the huts to change.

In the hut, I locked the door and painfully undressed, saying goodbye, one by one, to Vaclav Borsky's cap and jacket and Josef's trousers. I took everything out of the pockets and wrapped them in the towel. I got into the shorts and examined my stomach. There was nothing to see, no discoloration even. A little cracked mirror was hanging on the door and I inspected my face in it. The nose was slightly red as if by the sun. Not a lot to show for a beating-up by the S.N.B.

As I left the old crone took the basket and handed me a red rubber tag with a number on it. I slipped it on my wrist and went out on to the grass. It was long and green and luxuriant from the rain and I found a spot under half shade and sank down in it. . . .

When I woke up, the sweat was pouring off me and I was in full sun. The place had filled up. I looked at my watch. Five o'clock. I had slept nearly three hours.

Before I had dozed off, I'd had the germ of an idea how to switch arm bands. It came back to me now, ready-made. I went and bought an essential bottle of sun lotion at the shop. I then strolled back over the grass, stepping over recumbent figures, and suddenly almost dropped with shock and turned and made swiftly in the opposite direction.

I had seen Vlasta.

There was no possible doubt about it. She was in a sharkskin two-piece, talking to a man whose back was to me. I remembered arranging a date with her for today. Her father was going to be away.

I reached the other side of the bathing station and walked along slowly, looking for the right type. This was not an operation that could be hurried. Feet and neck size were at least as important as any other dimension. And I wanted somebody who was on his own, and not too quick on the uptake.

A few minutes later I found him. He was lying flat on his back and sleeping soundly with his mouth wide open. I stretched out beside him. There was not a fraction of an inch difference in height. His legs were apart, toes pointing upwards and I carefully measured my foot against his. We might have been twins.

There was a thin film of sweat all over his face and body and he was sleeping so soundly he might have been dead. His open mouth and rudimentary forehead suggested promising qualities.

I took off my own armband, lit a cigarette and pressed it unhurriedly against his wrist. With a single profound oath he came up off the grass like a leaping salmon.

I said: "What is it? What's the trouble, comrade?"

"I been shot," he said. "I been blank blank well shot."

"Let me see. Give it here, comrade."

He was hissing slightly, hugging the wrist to his chest like an only child. I prised it away. A fleck of white ash showed immediately below the arm band. I said: "Ah, it's just a burn. I must have done it with my cigarette. Here, we'll soon fix it up. I've got some lotion. We'll just get this off," I said, quickly stripping off his armband and dropping it on the grass.

I poured some of the lotion on to my handkerchief, dabbed his wrist and gave him the wrong armband back, all with some speed and talking incessantly before he had gathered his scattered wits.

"I thought I been shot. I was fast asleep! You want to watch what you're doing," he said. It seemed tactless to offer him a cigarette. There didn't seem to be anything else I could offer him. I apologized, picked up my things, and walked off with his armband.

There was a queue in the shed, and the old crone was shuffling about in a temper. She snatched the armband from me. I waited with some interest to inspect my new wardrobe. She was unaccountably smiling when she returned.

"Had a good day?"

"Very nice, thanks."

She dumped the wire basket on the counter. "We ordered the right weather for you, anyway."

"Yes, yes, you did," I said, wondering what all this was about; and suddenly caught sight of what was in the basket and felt my toes curling up.

"Wait. There's your hat. I hung it up," she said, bringing the thing over. "We don't want to spoil the lovely feather, do we?"

It was a little cockeyed green thing like a demented midget bowler. There was an enormous peacock feather hanging from the side. She put it on my head, and I said, "Thank you," bloodlessly, and walked off to change.

I stepped off the tram like a cripple in the gigantic jackboots. Each seemed to weigh about a ton. I was wearing baggy trousers, an embroidered blouse, a little red bolero with brass buttons and a large rosette. I had scrambled into this lunatic assortment as quickly as possible, terrified its owner would soon be claiming it.

I clumped along the embankment numb with horror, wondering what I should do if I met a party in the same get-up. Luckily, dusk was falling.

I walked through the Malostranske, saw with a sinking heart that the S.N.B. were still on duty, and walked aimlessly on and presently found myself in the Ujezd. I turned into a kavarna and ordered a large slivovitz.

"Well, countryman," the landlord said convivially, "a fine day, eh?"

"Yes."

"You won't forget it in a hurry."

"I won't," I said sincerely.

"What time do you go?"

"Go?" I said; but understood him entirely in that debilitating moment. Countrymen came. Countrymen would have to go. Trainloads of them. There wouldn't be a national costume in the whole of Prague tomorrow. Except one.

"You go back tonight, don't you?"

"Yes. Yes. Not for a bit yet," I said. I finished my slivovitz and sat, slumped in my boots and my bolero, seeing the end of the line close in sight. I couldn't risk another night of dodging up and down alleys. I had to go to earth now. I needed a place to rest and eat. I needed a friend now.

Perhaps the idea had been there ever since I'd seen her, a last desperate expedient. I felt in my pocket for my wallet. My diary was there, her number still scribbled in it. I couldn't stay in Prague. I thought I'd better get over there to Barrandov, while I was able to, and wait for her.

I set off, walking, keeping to the darker side of the street, the feathered hat in my hand.

It was getting on for half past nine when I approached the terraces of Barrandov, glittering in the dark. There was a dance on, figures twirling on the several levels, dance music beating out. Across the road, a hundred yards or so beyond, was a rustic seat and a telephone box. I went in the box and rang her number. There was no reply. I wondered if Vlasta herself was being watched, if they had discovered that I had taken her out. There was a thicket near the telephone box. I crawled into it, and sat down on the ground to wait. A few couples came and went from the dance. A bit of hanky panky went on on the seat. I nosed out from time to time when the coast was clear.

I called her twice more from the box. The last time, at a quarter to twelve, she answered.

I said in English: "Vlasta, it's Nicolas. Nicolas Whistler."

"Nicolas!" There was a pause. "Why did you not meet me?"

"I got held up," I said. "Is anybody with you, Vlasta? Is your father there?"

"No, I am alone. Nicolas, I don't understand——"

"I'll explain everything when I see you. I'm in the telephone box near the *Terasy*. How do I get to your house?"

She said: "It is a bungalow, Nicolas, not a house." She gave me directions for reaching it. I was relieved to hear she lived within a few minutes' walk.

"I was just going to bed," she added. "Ah, Nicolas, this is wonderful. I will leave the door open for you." She sounded surprisingly cheerful.

I put the phone down, grinning with relief, and went out into the street.

As luck would have it, a couple were lying on the grass at the entrance to the side road down which Vlasta lived. I had to lurk in the shrubbery for half an hour before the way was clear.

The gate creaked a little as I opened it. I crunched softly up the gravel path. As she'd said, the door was open. I pushed it and went in.

NEXT WEEK: Vlasta offers to help me. But dare I trust her?

© *Lionel Davidson, 1959*

"The Night Of Wenceslas" will be published as a novel by Gollancz

BE A BETTER DRIVER

by GEORGE EYLES, Chief Examiner of the Institute of Advanced Motorists

Danger in the dark

Your holiday plans perhaps include a long drive to the coast, or a long "first leg" to the start of a car tour.

In view of the hold-ups that jam so many roads in the daytime, there is much to be said for getting this trip done at night. The roads are far less busy, and there's a certain exhilaration in driving when everybody else is asleep.

Be sure, though, to set off feeling relaxed and wideawake. Don't rely on "pep pills" to ward off drowsiness. Stimulants of this kind can be dangerous.

The only sensible way to prepare for a night drive is to plan your packing and other preparations so that there is no exhausting last-minute rush. Leave enough time for a good rest.

The saying that "good driving is a state of mind" is particularly true with night driving, which demands a great deal of tolerance and restraint. The oncoming motorist who fails to dip his headlights may be a beginner, elderly or simply nervous. Don't try to intimidate him by flashing your own headlamps; you could cause an accident.

Focus your vision on to the near-side of the road and avoid looking directly into the glare of oncoming headlamps. If the glare is so bad that you can't see, reduce speed and concentrate on the hazards which you spotted before you were dazzled.

When in doubt . . .

At night it is extremely difficult to judge the distance of oncoming traffic, whether the traffic is approaching you on the same road or coming along a main road which you are about to enter. So when in doubt, hold back.

If you are driving down a badly-lit street in which pools of dim light alternate with patches of darkness, drive with dipped headlamps. Almost certainly you will meet angry light-flashing from other cars, and horn-tooting, but don't let that worry you. The safety of cyclists and pedestrians is far more important.

When following another vehicle, try to keep it beyond the ends of your dipped headlamp beams; don't confuse the driver in front by letting your lamps reflect on his windscreen or on his driving mirror.

In many cases, overtaking is easier and safer at night, but never flash your headlamps full on while overtaking in the face of oncoming traffic.

The wise motorist prepares for the worst at night, when most garages are closed.

Before starting, check the car thoroughly. See that you have enough petrol, oil and water, and the right tyre pressures. And don't forget the spare.

Things to check

Also, inspect all the electrical equipment: the horn, windscreen wipers (change the blades if necessary), trafficators, battery and lights.

Check the tool kit and add a torch or lead light; then pack the luggage so that everything need not be hauled out to reach the tools or spares.

Finally, remember that it is an offence to park on the right-hand side of the road, facing oncoming traffic, during hours of darkness.

The Institute of Advanced Motorists is a non-profit-making organization, its object being to improve the standard of driving and promotion of road safety. Its address is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 24

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

From sentence (3) we can see that the horse is now 5 times as old as the sheep. If we call the sheep's age S then the horse is 5S. From sentence (2) if we subtract the horse's age from 14 we shall have the age of the dog, so the dog is (14—5S). But the dog's age taken away from the horse's age will give us the time taken from the dog to become as old as the horse is now. So we take (14—5S) from 5S and get (10S—14). Now from the sentence (4) if we add this time to the age of the sheep we shall get twice the dog's present age. That is (10S—14) + S = 2 (14—5S) or 11S—14 = 28—10S.

Hence 21S = 42, and the sheep is 2 years old. From this, the horse is 10 years old, and from sentence (2) the dog must be 4 years old.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: I said it very loud and clear; I went and shouted in his ear. (Lewis Carroll.)

Clue Down: Early to bed and early to rise.

Clues Across: (A) Epistle; (B) Atlantis; (C) Rodeo; (D) Leitmotiv; (E) Yew; (F) Tryst; (G) Oslo; (H) Buddha; (I) Erne; (J) Deduction; (K) Alabaster; (L) Nadir; (M) Digit; (N) Elbow; (O) Avenue; (P) Restaurant; (Q) Landscape; (R) Yoghourt; (S) Tendril; (T) Orient; (U) Reich; (V) Iris; (W) Sesame; (X) Espalier.

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to "John Bull : Everybody's Weekly" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

HAVING read many books on palmistry, I am thinking of buying a caravan and advertising myself as a palmist. I do not wish to break any laws, and wonder if I need a licence.—Mrs. I. M., London, N.19.

● Under the Vagrancy Act, 1824 (Section 4), it is an offence to pretend or profess to tell fortunes by palmistry and therefore you cannot be licensed.

It would be a defence, in the case of a prosecution, to call evidence to show that you honestly believed yourself to possess the powers which you claim.

The police appear to show some tolerance as far as fêtes and seaside resorts are concerned, but if you act as you propose in your letter you do so at your own risk.

COOING'S OFF

A NEXT-DOOR neighbour persists in feeding wild pigeons three times a day, although they have slackened several slates on our roof and are causing a nuisance. We have appealed to her better nature without success. How can we end this trouble?—Mrs. J. J. L., Leeds, 6, Yorks.

● Your neighbour is technically permitting a nuisance by attracting pigeons which do damage to your house and if she attracts them in unreasonable numbers you would have cause for legal action against her.

It might be difficult to succeed in such a case and you would be well advised to try a solicitor's letter rather than court proceedings.

BACK TAX YEARS

HOW many years back are the income tax authorities entitled to go in re-assessing tax, although tax has, in fact, been paid during these years? I have been told that six years is the limit.—Miss A. P. B., Heathfield, Sussex.

● If correct returns have been made year by year the Inland Revenue can go back to 1953-54, but no further.

If incorrect returns were made and the question of fraud arises, there is no time limit.

KEY TO TROUBLE

I ENTRUSTED a key of my flat to a friend, so that he could take my dog out for walks. When I asked him for the key back he flatly refused to give me it. The police tell me this is a civil matter, but what meantime is my remedy if this person enters my flat without my permission? Would he be guilty of breaking in?—E. T. W., Hove, 2, Sussex.

● The opening of a door with a key which had been given to the man by you would not necessarily constitute the felony of breaking in.

Whether or not you could take any criminal action against him for coming in with your key would depend on whether his intention was criminal or not.

In any case it would constitute a trespass unless you gave permission.

Your remedy is to sue for the return of the key, but it is possible that a solicitor's letter might prove effective.

WEDDING BILLS

I WAS married recently and booked two cars for the wedding. Now we have been charged for the use of two cars, although only one turned up, leading to a great deal of inconvenience. I returned the bill, but have had it back again without explanation. I feel like deducting something from the amount—am I entitled to do so?—Mrs. P. L., Kettering, Northants.

● If the car firm proprietor did not fulfil his agreement you could not be held liable for his charges.

You could tender him what you consider to be a reasonable sum for his services, but if he refuses your offer he may sue you for the whole amount.

You would be in a position to defend the case.

DIRTY LINEN

I RENT a flat from the owner-occupier of the house and for two years have hung my laundry in the garden at any time I wished. Now, after a disagreement with the owner, he says that I am forbidden to use the garden more than once a week. Is he entitled to do this? — Mrs. G. B., Holloway, London, N.19.

● Unless your conditions of tenancy provided for you to have use of the garden, you have no legal right to use it without the owner's consent.

He may, of course, have permitted you to use it by courtesy only, and, if so, this would merely be a licence which he could withdraw if he wished.

IN UNIFORM

MY son joined the R.A.F. in May, after three years with his employers. Is he entitled to any holiday pay for this year?—Mrs. N. A. B., Harpole, Northampton.

● If your son joined the Forces voluntarily he does not appear to be entitled to any part of his holiday pay.

If, however, his military service was compulsory and his employers had an agreement with a trade union to give paid holidays, he appears to be due part payment according to the number of months worked in the holiday year.

I'M STUMPED

AFTER I had bought two cottages and had been assured that I could use a back passage-way for my car, I find that a neighbour has driven a stump into the ground, preventing vehicle access. My deeds say I have right-of-way—but his deeds show that he owns the land. Can I claim a right of way?—F. H., Wilmslow, Cheshire.

● The fact that your neighbour may own the piece of land over which you wish to pass does not affect any right of way that has been established.

There appears to be no reason why he should not be compelled to remove the stump, although if you have evidence that a right of way exists, you could remove the stump yourself and let him establish any right he has to put it back.

MUM'S DILEMMA

MY mother sold an old settee for £10 to a neighbour, who now claims back £5 because, she says, there is woodworm in the back. She examined the settee before buying it, although now she says that it was sold in bad faith. What should my mother do?—Mrs. W., Edinburgh, 10.

● As the buyer had reasonable opportunity of examining the settee before agreeing to buy it, she would be presumed in law to have bought it at her own risk. She has, therefore, no claim against your mother.

PLAY IT SAFE

MY husband and I are members of the social committee connected with the local Invalid Tricycle Association and often take disabled people to entertainments in our car. But we wonder how we stand as far as possible injuries and claims for damages.—Mrs. M. S., Long Eaton, Nottingham.

● If your present third-party insurance does not cover passengers in your car, you may be able to arrange cover for them under a new policy. Otherwise, you should get your passengers to sign a statement to the effect that they accept a lift entirely at their own risk.

LOST DEPOSIT

MY brother-in-law paid £2 as a deposit on a motor-cycle on the understanding that next evening he would test it on the road. He cancelled the test—but is now told he cannot have his deposit back. Is this legal?—W. J. B., Portsmouth.

● The deposit appears to have been for an option to test and buy the motor-cycle. As he did not take up the option as agreed, the vendor can retain it as his compensation for granting the option.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **New cistern pull:** Add fragrance to your bathroom by using the new nylon cistern pull, which has a block of air-freshener fitted into it. In white, red, black, yellow, blue or pink, and fitted with a rustless chrome-covered solid brass chain, the handle unscrews into two halves to allow refills to be fitted. The effects of these last from three weeks to two months, depending upon humidity.

Replacement air-freshener blocks cost 10½d. each. The Foster cistern pull costs 4s. 11d. excluding the block. Generally available from department, and hardware stores and from ironmongers. By Wilsons Ataka Products, Ltd., Kern House, Breakspear Road, Ruislip, Middlesex.

▶ **Hair-band handle:** When the handle of your plastic handbag has worn, replace it with an inexpensive plastic hair-band. Pierce holes in each end of the band with a hot needle and slip the handbag rings through. (H. Wess, Wallasey.)

▶ **P.V.C.-coated wall covering:** A new wall covering which need only be wiped with a damp cloth wrung out of warm water with mild soap added, to keep it clean, has now been brought on to the market by Bernard Wardle. In 48 in. at 12s. 6d. per yard or in 24 in. widths it is available in a choice of eight patterns with a wide colour range in each.

A good cold water wallpaper paste is recommended with which to stick it to the wall. Can be had through the John Lewis group or direct from the manufacturers, Bernard Wardle (Everflex), Ltd., Caernarvon, North Wales.

▶ **Toilet seat rubbers:** Perished toilet seat rubbers can be replaced by lengths cut from a garden hose. Insert wooden dowels ¼-in. shorter than these lengths inside the hose. Fix by screwing through the dowel to the seat. (Captain S. A. Frost, Teddington.)

▶ **Telephone-dial duster:** Remove dust easily from the awkward corners of a telephone dial with a fine paint brush. (Mrs. E. Cullen, Beeston.)

▶ **Kitchen tidy:** Keep your kitchen cleaning items neatly to hand with a Laricol kitchen tidy. Made of polythene, with three compartments for holding packets, bottles or brushes and a rail along the front to hold cloths, it is available in red, blue, yellow, green, white, pink or lilac. Guaranteed for three years, the price is 5s. 6d. By Shaw Regent, Ltd., Kendal House, 203 Regent Street, London, W.1.

▶ **Toothpaste tip:** If you squeeze toothpaste from a tube and too much comes out, rectify this fault by gently squeezing the sides of the tube. The surplus will be sucked back into the tube. (Mrs. F. Drake, London, W.9.)

▶ **Sandpaper tip:** A sheet of medium glasspaper glued to the side of the workbench is useful and economical. It is simpler to take pieces of work which need smoothing over to the sheet of glasspaper, than to keep tearing off pieces. (K. Wingfield, Kingsteignton.)

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL : EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

WIN this WONDER CAR £1,250

GIANT 6-in-1 FIRST heading Bullets Awards value

£702.7s.6d. Triumph "HERALD" SALOON

10,000 miles of FREE PETROL

TAX and INSCE. FREE for 1959

£20 for CAR RADIO

£20 for PICNIC OUTFIT

£100 for MOTORING HOLIDAY

6-in-1 PRIZE—or £800 CASH if preferred

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £3

100 15s. PRESENTATION PARCELS

2000 NEW £100 CASH TOKENS for RUNNERS-UP

SPECIAL NEW FEE-SAVER COUPON BELOW

FUN WITH WORDS and 2,120 WINNERS!

THAT busy little girl on the right is very proud of Daddy's car. It belongs to twenty-eight year old Mr. R. K. Chappell, of Belvedere, Kent. *And he won it in Bullets!*

Now comes *your* opportunity to enjoy motoring luxury in the wonderful new Triumph "Herald" Saloon. It's part of the 6-in-1 First Prize *you* can win for *Fun With Words*. Your first 10,000 miles are free . . . extras include radio and de-luxe picnic outfit . . . and you get £100 cash for a motoring holiday.

Start on your Bullets for this £1,250 Giant Offer's "fee-saver" coupon *today*—there are 2,120 *must-be-won* prizes!

PRIZES value over £1,250 WON

£750 or "Holiday Cheques" Award as offered, Bullets No. 2,194: A. Elsee, 24, A.M.Q., R.A.F., Langtoft, Market Deeping, Peterborough:

Tougher And Tougher—"Thin Skin" Makes *Life!*

£50 M. Flinders, "Inglenook," Edmonton Road, New Clipstone, Mansfield: **John And Ivan—Turning "Sentry-boxes" Into *Crates?***

£25 P. J. FitzGerald, 7 Beresford Avenue, Bolton: **War Is Madness, So—War's *Reason* Must Go!**

£10 A. S. Everitt, 4 Sunnyhill, Bruton, Somerset: **The Deep Blue Sea—Roaring, Surging, Smashing—*Tranquillizer*!**

£9 J. Stewart, c/o 13 Hillside Gardens, Wolverhampton: **In The Pensioner's Corner—Politicians—During *Election* "Fight"!**

£8 N. Kitchingman, 56 Stamford Avenue, Blackpool: **Doesn't Need A Bodyguard—Charles—Till *Tuck-box* Arrives!**

£7 W. L. Hoole, 26 Chapel Street, Tiverton: **The Deep Blue Sea—Awaiting Man's "Flying-fish"—Space.**

£6 Miss M. Edwards, Lilac Cottage, Windmill, Pentre Halkyn, Holywell: **Speaks For Britain—*Taking* Refugees—Never *Making*.**

£5 R. E. Radcliffe, 72 Alexandra Street, Ashton-under-Lyne: **A Bit Too Much—For Brewers—*Clore's* "Wallop"?**

£4 L. Gardiner, 17 Wynn Road, Wolverhampton: **To Hell With H-bombs And Let's Raze *Refugee Camps*!**

Ten Prizes of £3 and 1,600 other Awards have also been posted.

WAY TO WIN

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners on this page. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet for your coupon waiting at foot of page.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any EXAMPLE

Scientist John
The Rising Sun
Fruits Of Geneva
Man With A Message
In Nature's Pageant
Louder And Louder
Speck On The Horizon

In Berlin Today
No Trouble
Got An Awful Fright
To Be A Hit
Made A Scene
Won't Be Denied
A Jellyfish
It's Nonsense, But
Those Mannequins
Must Be Slipping
Merciless
Dining And Wining
In A Seaside Shelter

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

Fine Day For.....
Before The .....'s Done
A Nice, Quiet.....
Like A Good.....
On The Official's.....
The.....Whistled And

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in earliest possible JOHN BULL), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

● ADDRESS ENTRY: Bullets 2,199, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99 ●

Final £3,250!

THE final series of Bullets Prize Offers, amounting to over £3,250 in value during the coming weeks, begins with the £1,250 array on this page.

During the last forty-six years, JOHN BULL'S contests of literary skill have aroused universal interest and become world-famous. However, in recent years they have attracted the regular support of only a small percentage of readers. That is why Bullets must soon make way for features more generally of interest to the millions who look forward each week to the entertaining and colourful pages of JOHN BULL.

Meanwhile, we invite *all* readers who have competed in contests of past years to join with present entrants in taking full advantage of these closing Bullets Offers.

★ **Make sure you do not miss the last, dramatic Bullets surprise, coming shortly in "John Bull."**

SEE NEXT "JOHN BULL" for CLOSING DATE

EXAMPLE
BULLET — 1s. per Bullet
EX.
B.
EX.
B.
EX.
B.
EX.
B.
EX. — FREE
B.
EX. — FREE
B.

I agree to Rules and enclose crossed P.O., payable to JOHN BULL, value.....
No.....
Bullets 2,199

SIGNED.....
ADDRESS.....

YOU ARE INVITED TO SAVE 2s. by accepting this new HOLIDAY EXTRA — two FREE efforts allowed on this coupon with five paid Bullets.

NEXT "JOHN BULL" BRINGS YOUR FINAL COUPON FOR "BULLETS" No. 2,199

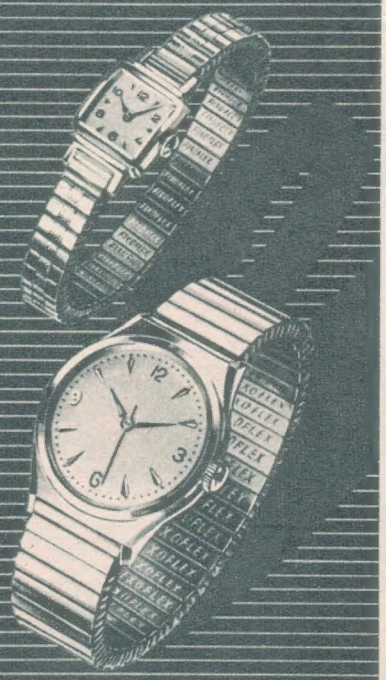
Which SANDEMAN SHERRY will you have?

ARMADA CREAM
the finest old cream sherry
22/-

DRY DON AMONTILLADO
a fine medium dry wine 19/-

Other Sandeman Sherries are available from only 17/-

Fixoflex
WATCH BRACELETS
for Men and Women



MADE IN ROLLED GOLD OR STAINLESS STEEL THROUGHOUT. OBTAINABLE FROM ALL JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

RIW

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The 'TIPPED' cigarette of the day